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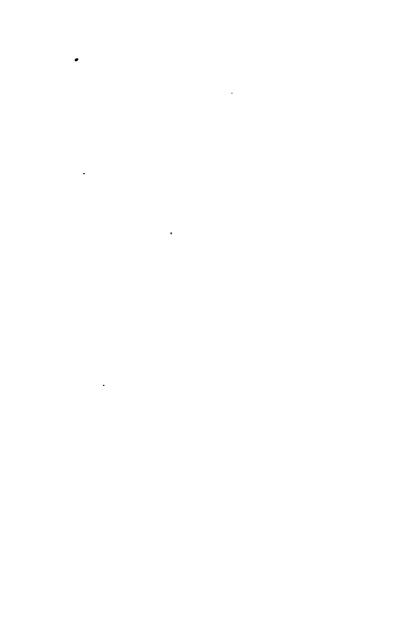
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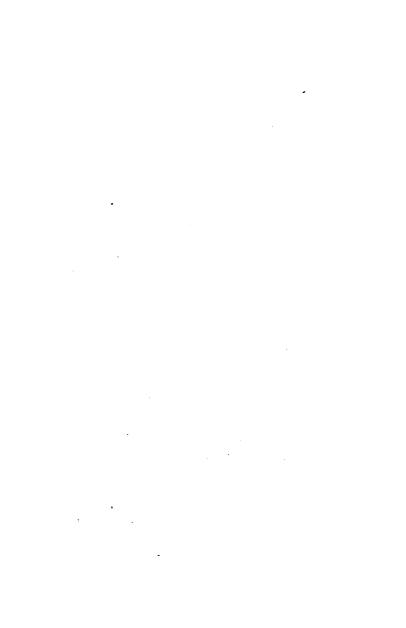


April 6 '09

from his buck

Farmy Education

(Southerna)





"Oh! how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
Upon Beligion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music on the car of God!"

"Though I can say no more to dissuade from vice or encourage to virtue, than hath already been said in many learned authors, yet I may be an occasion by these endeavours to bring that the oftener into remembrance, which they have more learnedly expressed."

George Wither's Emblems, 1634.

Petrarch.

"If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy."

Jeremy Taylor.

"These people consider the pleasures of the world as the supreme good, and cannot bear the idea of renouncing them. I have FRIENDS, whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely, in all emergencies. In return for all these services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace: for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retir ment, than with the tumults of society."

THE URN AND THE PAGE.

BY

HARVEY BUCKLAND.

"We man can be so straitened and oppressed with husiness, and an active course of His, but he may have many vacant times of leisure, while he expects the returns and tides of business."—Lord Bacos.



EDINBURGH: JAMES HOGG. LONDON: R. GROOMBRIDGE & ខ្វប់្អាន

MDCCCLVI

ABTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



WITH equal truth and beauty it has been said, that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life." From the "pages" of many good books-the "spirit-urns" of our elder worthies-these leaflets have been gathered. They will afford matter for reflection to thoughtful minds who have learned to deal lovingly and reverently with such relics. The volume is not meant for swift or consecutive reading, but rather for the profitable employment of such seasons as are set forth in the motto on the title-page. Then may we say with good old Bishop Hall, in his meditation on the sight of a large library, "Blessed be God, who hath set up so many clear lamps in his church; none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness. And blessed be the memory of those, his faithful servants, who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious papers; and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments to give light to others."

И. В.

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Thoughts for Pifferent Seusons.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday.

O blest Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days,
With the first work of splendour bright
The world didst to beginning raise;

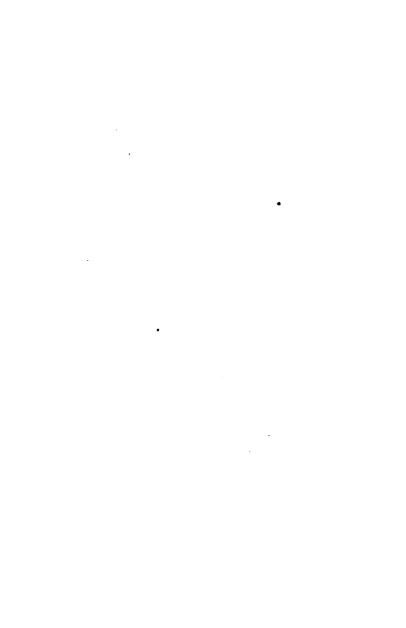
Who morn with evening join'd in one, Commandedst should be call'd the day; The foul confusion now is gone; O hear us when with tears we pray:

Lest that the mind, with fears full fraught, Should lose best life's eternal gains, While it hath no immortal thought, But is enwrapt in sinful chains.

O may it heat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess!

May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness.







Who framing, on the fourth of days,
The fiery chariot of the sun,
Appoint'st the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run;

That thou might'st by a certain bound 'Twixt night and day division make,

And that some sure sign might be found

To show when months beginning take;

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

Thursday.

O God, whose forces far extend,
Who creatures which from watery spring
Back to the flood dost partly send,
And up to th' air dost partly bring;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heav'ns above,
That natures from one stock deriv'd
May thus to several dwellings move.



Upon thy servants grace bestow, Whose souls thy bloody waters clear, That they no sinful falls may know, Nor heavy grief of death may bear;

That sin no soul oppress'd may thrall. That none be lifted high with pride, That minds cast downwards do not fall, Nor raiséd up may backward slide.

> Dear Father, grant what we entreat. And only Son, who like power hast, Together with the Paraclete, Reigning whilst times and ages last.

Friday.

God, from whose work mankind did spring, Who all in rule dost only keep, Bidding the dry land forth to bring All kind of beasts which on it creep:

Who hast made subject to man's hand Great bodies of each mighty thing, That, taking life from thy command, They might in order serve their king:

From us thy servants, Lord, expel Those errors which uncleanness breeds, Which either in our manners dwell, Or mix themselves among our deeds. 5



Give the rewards of joyful life;
The plenteous gifts of grace increase;
Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife;
Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

Saturday.

O Trinity! O blessed light!
O Unity, most principal!
The fiery sun now leaves our sight;
Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall.

Let us with songs of praise divine,
At morn and evening thee implore;
And let our glory, bow'd to thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Both now, and still while ages run.

Drummond.

SPRING.

So forth issu'd the seasons of the year; First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear, In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,



That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stores)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Spenser.

SUMMER.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colour'd green;
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland, well beseene,
He wore, from which, as he had chaffed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore,

Spenser.

AUTUMN.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyéd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchéd sore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruit, the which the earth had yold.

Spenser.



WINTER.

Lastly came Winter, clothéd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purple bill,
As from a limbeck, did adown distil;
In his right hand a tippéd staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayéd still,
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his looséd limbs he able was to weld.

Spenser.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

Written in Summer.

Hail goddess of the silver star,
Whose trembling orb gives signal to the day;
O! queen of light, whose virgin ray
The sun salutes in his celestial car;
Whose active heats melt every cloud
That would thy dawn of glory shroud,
And stain the lustre of thy laughing eye,
While beneath thy azure sky—
Dimple-cheek'd—health with rosy features glows,
Through lowing pastures in she goes,
Wearing the milkmaid's ruddy grace,
Ease in her tripping step, and pleasure in her face.
Forerunner of the day's bright reign,
And giver of unspeakable delight!
How nature triumphs at thy sight,

And looks thanksgiving through her large domain:



At thy approach the conscious trees
Bend humbly to the tepid breeze,
And every flower a fresher brightness wears;
Labour to the field repairs,
Where buxom Ceres waits him with a smile:
Whistling he crosses every stile,
Or chants some love-lorn ditty's air,
With which he means to charm, and win his favourite
fair.
O sovereign of the spicy gale,

Of odours pure, and salutary dews,
Oft as thy star its beam renews,
Thy violet breath entranc'd let me inhale:
Give me to range thy wholesome hills,
Thy valleys, wash'd with crystal rills,
And verdant lawns, where many a wild-flower grows;
There, while zephyr softly blows,
Let me indulge the heaven-devoted thought,
And render praises as I ought
To Him whose power and love divine
Call'd thee from total void, and bade thy beauty shine.

William Woty.

MATINS.

I cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice!
Then we must needs for that day make a match.



My God, what is a heart? Silver or gold, or precious stone, Or star, or rainbow, or a part Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou should'st it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.
Herbert.

EVEN-SONG.

Blest be the God of love,

Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busy and to play,
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny!
For when he sees my ways, I die!
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.
10



What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran, but all I brought was some.

My diet, care, and cost,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have cross'd,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, it doth suffice:
Henceforth repose, your work is done.

Thus in thy ebony box
Thou dost enclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love The day or night: that is the gale, this th' harbour; That is the walk, and this the arbour; Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God thou art all love,

Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,

But brings a favour from above:

And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

Herbert.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears?

Sir W. Raleigh.

FAIR DAYS; OR, DAWN'S DECEITFUL.

Fair was the dawn; and but e'en now the skies Show'd like to cream, inspir'd with strawberries: But in a sudden all was chang'd and gone, That smil'd in that first sweet complexion; Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire To tear the world, or set it all on fire.

What! trust to things below, when as we see, As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy.

Herrick.

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.



The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place, so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archéd lies!
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities;
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden! that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.



This day my Saviour rose, And did enclose this light for his; That, as each beast his manger knows, Man might not of his fodder miss. Christ hath took in this piece of ground. And made a garden there for those Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation Our great Redeemer did remove With the same shake which, at his passion, Did the earth and all things with it move. As Samson bore the doors away. Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation, And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day We sullied by our foul offence: Wherefore that robe we cast away, Having a new at his expense, Whose drops of blood paid the full price, That was required to make us gay, And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth: And where the week-days trail on ground, Thy flight is higher, as thy birth: O let me take thee at the bound. Leaping with thee from seven to seven, Till that we both, being toss'd from earth, Fly hand in hand to heaven.

Herbert.



Emblems.

A LESSON FROM COMPARISONS.

Flame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come, Bids earth adieu, and what it hath therefrom The snuff to ashes, smoke turns into air; Light's beauty's gone, which sometime was so fair; When death hath given his last and fatal blow, Our soul to heaven, our earth to earth doth go; Riches and honours, which it once did love, The soul now loathes, and seeks to dwell above: Learn, mortals, all false pleasure to contemn, And treasures which the soul must once condemn: Seek rather for the graces of the mind, Which you your convoy to the heaven will find.

Fairlie's Lychnocausia; or, Light's Moral Emblems, 1638.

LIFE A TRAGEDY.

Man's life's a tragedy; his mother's womb From which he enters is the tiring-room; This spacious earth the theatre; and the stage That country which he lives in; passion, rage, 15



Folly, and vice, are actors; the first cry
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy:
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;
The second he to more perfection grows;
In the third he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin;
In the fourth declines; in the fifth diseases clog
And trouble him; then death's his epilogue.

Sir Henry Wotton.

THE TWO FOLDING-DOORS.

Death is a gate, that opens differently
Two folding-doors, which lead contrary ways;
Thro' this the good man finds felicity,
The bad thro' that to endless ruin strays:
Herein they both the self-same rule retain,
Who enters once, must ne'er return again.

Henry Baker.

SOUL-EMBLEMS.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,
A moment parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

More.



THE DEW AND THE SMALL RAIN.

The doctrine of the Gospel is like the dew and the small rain that distilleth upon the tender grass, wherewith it doth flourish and is kept green. Christians are his the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each others' roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.

Bunyan.

LIFE A SHADOW.

Life a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near;
Shadows are moving light,
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows here or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

Drummond.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

The snuffers in the tabernacle were directed to be made of pure gold—the moral of which seems to be, that they who profess to make others burn brighter, must "take heed that the light that is in them be not darkness"



THE WORLD A HIVE.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty, petty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Quarles.

LIFE IN A CRAZY SHIP AND TROUBLED SEA.

They who in a crazy vessel navigate a sea, wherein are shoals and currents innumerable, if they would keep their course or reach their port in safety, must carefully repair the smallest injuries, and often throw out their line and take their observations. In the voyage of life also, the Christian who would not make shipwreck of his faith, while he is habitually watchful and provident, must often make it his express business to look into his state, and to ascertain his progress.

Wilberforce.

THE NARROW CIRCLE OF LIFE.

Our life is but a narrow circle, and when in its centre we are not far from its edge; and as we daily advance towards its boundaries, let us keep the transition that awaits us constantly before our eyes.

Henry Martyn.



SINS LIKE SHADOWS.

Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day's in its glory, scarce appear;
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!
Suckling.

GOOD CHRISTIANS

Play their offensive and defensive parts,

Till they be hid o'er with a wood of darts.

Herrick.

THE PORT OF DEATH.

Death is a port, whereby we pass to joy;
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain;
Death is so near, it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so lived, that all it yields is vain.
And as by life to bondage man was brought,
Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought.

Earl of Surrey.

DULL RELIGION LIKE DEAD WOOD.

Some people's religious opinion is only a stake driven in the ground; does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just there, and just so.

Poster.



KNOWLEDGE.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends,
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.
Sir Fulke Greville.



Hortations and Homiletics,

THE TRUE ART OF TRAVELLING.

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. Many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism; as for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them: others bring home just nothing; and because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England.

Thomas Fuller.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

God will have all or none; serve him, or fall Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial; Either be hot or cold; God doth despise, Abhor, and spue out all neutralities.

Herrick.



TENDERNESS AND FORBEARANCE DUE TO HUMAN IMPERFECTIONS AND DIFFERENCES.

A tender consideration of human imperfection is not merely the dictate of revelation, but the law of nature, exemplified in the most striking manner in the conduct of Him whom we all profess to follow. How wide the interval which separated his religious knowledge and attainments from that of his disciples; he, the fountain of illumination, they, encompassed with infirmities! did he recede from them on that account? No. he drew the bond of union closer, imparted successive streams of effulgence, till he incorporated his spirit with theirs, and clevated them into a nearer resemblance of himself. In imitating, by our conduct towards our mistaken brethren. the great exemplar, we cannot err. By walking together with them, as far as we are agreed, our agreement will extend, our differences lessen, and love, which rejoiceth in the truth, will gradually open our hearts to higher and nobler inspirations.

Might we indulge a hope that not only our denomination, but every other description of Christians, would act upon these principles, we should hail the dawn of a brighter day, and consider it as a nearer approach to the ultimate triumph of the Church than the annals of time have yet recorded. In the accomplishment of our Saviour's prayer, we should behold a demonstration of the divinity of his mission, which the most impious could not resist; we should behold in the church a peaceful haven, inviting us to retire from the tossings of this unquiet ocean, to a sacred enclosure, a sequestered spot, which



the storms and tempests of the world were not permitted to invade. All attempts to urge men forward, even in the right rath, beyond the measure of their light, are impracticable in our situation, if they were lawful; and unlawful if they were practicable: augment their light, conciliate their affections, and they will follow of their own accord.

Robert Hall.

THE BETTER BARGAIN.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit;
Think heaven a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a poor man live.
Give to all something, to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.
Man is God's image, but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard:
God reckons for him, counts the favour his;
Write so much giv'n for God. Thou shalt be heard;
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Herbert.

RELIGION INDISPENSABLE.

If a man, by a vast and imperious mind, and a heart large as the sand upon the sea-shore, as is said of Solomon, could command all the knowledge of nature and of



art, of words and things; could attain to a mastery of all languages, and sound the depths of all arts and sciences; measure the earth and the heavens; tell the stars, and declare their order and motions; could discourse of the interests of all states, the intrigues of all courts, and give an account of the history of all ages; could speak of trees from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that groweth out of the wall; and of beasts also, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes: and yet should be destitute of the knowledge of God and of Christ, and of his duty, all this would be but an impertinent vanity, and a more glittering kind of ignorance; and such a man (like the philosopher who, while he was gazing on the stars, fell into a ditch) would but be undone with all his knowledge, and with a great deal of wisdom, go down unto hell.

Tillotson.

THE PRAYER OF WANT.

From the low prayer of want, and plaint of wo,
Oh never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to hear?
To others do (the law is not severe),
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor these alone:
All human wo and weal learn thou to make thine own.

Reattie.



WALK WITH GOD, OR SATAN WILL WALK WITH YOU.

You must hold intercourse with God, or your soul will die. You must walk with God, or Satan will walk with you. You must grow in grace, or you will lose it: and you cannot do this but by appropriating to this object a due portion of your time, and diligently employing suitable means.

Cecil.

DEFORMITY.

I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all he had made was good; that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty: there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly, or mis-shapen, but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity because no form, nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God.

Sir Thomas Browne.



DEFORMITY.

Mock not at those who are mis-shapen by nature. There is the same reason of the poor and the deformed—he that despiseth them, despiseth God that made them. A poor man is a picture of God's own making, but set in a plain frame, not gilded; a deformed man is also his workmanship, but not drawn with even lines and lively colours. The former, not for want of wealth, as the latter not for want of skill, but both for the pleasure of their Maker.

Their souls have been the chapels of sanctity, whose bodies have been the 'spitalls of deformity. An Emperor of Germany, coming by chance on a Sunday into a church, found there a most mis-shapen priest, insomuch that the emperor scorned and contemned him. But when he heard him read those words in the service, "For it is He that made us, and not we ourselves," the emperor checked his own proud thoughts, and made inquiry into the quality and condition of the man; and finding him on examination to be most learned and devout, he made him Archbishop of Cologne, which place he did excellently discharge.

Thomas Fuller.

A CAUTION.

All is but lost that living we bestow'd,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man, have mind of that last bitter rage,
For as the tree doth fall, so lies it ever low.

Spenser.



NATIONAL INFATUATION.

There is a high department of theology, which has glided out of the minds of our feeble time; but which deserves the most solemn consideration of the true theologian. It gives the key to all the great heresies of Ecclesiastical History. Nothing can be clearer than the evidence, alike furnished by Scripture and experience, that there exists a law of the Divine government by which, when nations abuse the gift of reason, they are punished by being delivered over to Infatuation. "strong delusion," a real and direct urgency to error, from a source of Evil more imperious and more subtle than the mere perversity of human nature, is let loose against them. Under this influence they become rapidly incapacitated from judging of right and wrong; they act gravely on principles of palpable absurdity: they embrace habits of notorious ruin; they cling to the most startling superstitions as holiness; and they imagine rationality, wisdom, and virtue, as the very depths of folly, falsehood, and crime. To any man who has read the history of ancient Heathenism, the most natural of all questions is, how could human beings have ever fallen into practices of such absolute repulsiveness and undisguised horror? If the gross impurities of the worship might allure the carnal mind, how are its cruelties to be accounted for, its offerings of human victims, its burning of infants by their parents, the senseless fury and startling abominations of its altars, and the remorseless corruptions and unsparing slaughters of national life? Even in Israel, when it once



fell from its divine allegiance, the Books of Kings are almost a perpetual record of domestic massacre.

St Paul gives the solution, as the principle of a divine punishment, "Even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind. (Rom. i. 28.) We have no right to dilute this language into metaphor. The nations first fell into impiety, they were then delivered over to Heathenism, a system of retributive evil by which their understandings were imbruted, and their natural propensity to irreligion was rendered desperate. Thenceforth they were "filled with all unrighteousness." The apostle then recapitulates the excesses of startling and horrid guilt, into which they were thus suffered to fall; excesses into which man could not have fallen but by the judicial prostration of He ends by giving the most conhis understanding. vincing and awful evidence of this Satanic Infatuation; that "knowing the judgment of God, and that they which commit such things are worthy of death (eternal). they not only do the same, but have pleasure in those that do them." In other words, that they not only have gratification in their own commission of crime, but they have gratification in its existence, even where they can have no personal temptation.

Croly.

DISSEMBLANCE.

The colours of dissemblance and deceit, Were dyéd deep in grain, to seem like truth.

Spen



SELF-DENIAL.

Such as a man's principal end is, such is the man, and such is the course of his life. He that takes this world for his portion, and makes the felicity of it his end. is a carnal, worldly, unsanctified man, whatever good and godly actions may come in upon the by. It is he, and only he, that is a sanctified believer, who looks on heaven as his only portion, and his sailing through the troubled seas of this world, of purpose to come to that desired harbour; not loving their seats better than the land of rest, which he is sailing to, but patiently and painfully passing through them, because there is no other way to glory. And it is the desire of the land to which he is sailing, that moveth the mariner or passenger to do all that he doth on his voyage; and the desire of his home or journey's end, that moveth the traveller all the way: and the desire of a perfect building, that moveth the builder in every stroke of his work; so it must be the love of God, and the desire of everlasting blessedness, that must be the very engine to move the test of the affections and endeavours of the saints, and must make men resolve on the necessary labours and patience of believers. Take off this weight, and all the motions of Christianity will cease. No man will be at labour and sufferings for nothing, if he can avoid them. It is a life of labour. though sweet to the spirit, yet tedious to the flesh, which Christianity doth engage us in; and there is much suffering to be undergone; and this is to the very last, and to the denial of ourselves; and if God require it, to the



loss of all the comforts of the world; for no less than forsaking all that we have, will serve to make us Christ's disciples.

Baxter

OF PATIENCE.

A soueraine salue there is for eche disease:
The cheefe reuenge for cruell ire
Is pacience, the cheefe and present ease,
For to delay eche yll desire.
The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578.

IGNORANCE.

Ignorance can shake strong sinews with idle thoughts, and sink brave hearts with light sorrows, and doth lead innocent feet to impure dens, and haunts the simple rustic with credulous fears, and the swart Indian with that more potent magic, under which spell he lives and dies. And by ignorance is a man fast bound from childhood to the grave, till knowledge, which is the revelation of good and evil, doth set him free.

(A. M.) Anon.

A blind man sitting in the chimney-corner is pardonable enough, but sitting at the helm he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs.



REMORSE.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell, Sat deep Remorse of conscience, all besprent With tears; and to herself oft would she tell Her wretchedness, and cursing, never stent To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament With thoughtful care; or she that all in vain Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes reverted fast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd in each place, as place that vengeance brought;
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Suckville.

OF ANGER.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind, and, with Jacob, sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Be not angry with any without a cause. If thou beest, thou must not only, as the proverb saith, be appeased without amends, by having neither, nor damage given thee, but, as our Saviour saith, "be in danger of the judgment."

Take heed of doing unenviable acts in thy passion—as the revealing of secrets, which makes thee a bankrupt for society ever after; neither do such things, which done



once, are done for ever, so that no bemoaning can amend them. Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes. Tune may restore some losses, others are never to be repaired. Do not in an instant, what an age cannot recompense.

He that keeps anger long in his bosom, giveth place to the devil. And why should we make room for him, who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to chap, and the devil creeps in at the crannies. Yea, a furious man in his fits may seem possessed with a devil, foams, tears himself, is deaf and dumb; in effect, to hear or speak, vain; sometimes wallows, stares, stamps, with fiery eyes, and flaming cheeks. Had Narcissus himself seen his own face when he had been angry, he could never have fallen in love with himself.

Thomas Fuller.

ON ANGER.

In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting party; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss, and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly: whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both the parties.

Jeremy Taylor.



Hooker's anger is said to have been like a vial of clear water, which, when shook, beads at the top, but instantly subsides, without any soil or sediment of uncharitableness.

A NOBLE REPLY.

When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed the jury because he was convinced that it had been illegally selected, to favour the Protector, Cromwell was highly displeased with him, and at his return from the circuit, he told him in anger he was not fit to be a judge, to which all the answer he made was, that it was very true.

ANGER, WHAT IT DOES, AND WHAT IT HINDERS.

The first thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effects, is a violent anger and a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intended propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge; it is a short madness and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and distempered blood; it is a fever in the heart, and a calenture in the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over; and, therefore, can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action and a state of intercourse and desire exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action



of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy; prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the voice of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts: it is the daughter of Christ, the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in.

Jeremy Taylor.

PRIDE.

One riseth by another's fall, and some do climb so fast, That in the clouds they do forget what climates they have pass'd.

Warner.

THE EXPENSE OF ENVY.

Envy not greatness, for thou mak'st thereby Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

Herbert.



THE GUILE OF FLATTERY.

O trustless state of miserable men,
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing;
And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing.
And when the courting masker louteth low,
How free in heart, and trusty too, you know.

Spenser.

FALSE JOYS OF INTEMPERANCE.

For the pleasures of intemperance, they are nothing out the relics and images of pleasure, after that nature rath been feasted; for so long as she needs, that is, so iong as temperance waits, so long pleasure also stands there; but as temperance begins to go away, having done the ministries of nature, every morsel, and every new goblet, is still less delicious, and cannot be endured but as men force nature by violence to stay longer than she would! how have some men rejoiced when they have escaped a cup, and when they cannot escape they pour it in, and receive it with as much pleasure as the old women have in the Lapland dances; they dance the round, but there is a horror and a harshness in the music; and they call it pleasure because men bid them to do so; but there is a devil in the company, and such as is his pleasure, such is theirs; he rejoices in the thriv-



ing sin, and the swelling fortune of his darling drunkenness, but his joys are the joys of him that knows and always remembers that he shall infallibly have the biggest damnation; and then let it be considered how forced a joy that is, that is at the end of an intemperate feast.

Certain it is, intemperance takes but nature's leavings; when the belly is full, and nature calls to take away, the pleasure that comes in afterwards is next to loathing; it is like the relish and taste of meats at the end of the third course, or sweetness of honey to him that hath eaten till he can endure to take no more.

Jeremy Taylor.

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Curs'd with unnumber'd groundless fears, How pale yon shivering wretch appears! For him the daylight shines in vain; For him the fields no joys contain; Nature's whole charms to him are lost: No more the woods their music boast; No more the meads their vernal bloom; No more the gales their rich perfume: Impending mists deform the sky, And beauty withers in his eye. In hopes his terrors to elude, By day he mingles with the crowd, Yet finds his soul to fears a prey, In busy crowds and open day.



If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat,
Felt Heaven's avengeful bolt of late,
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid.
He feels fix'd earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Blacklock.

HOW DID SHE DIE ?-HOW DID SHE LIVE ?

The Rev. John Newton one day mentioned at his table the death of a lady. A young woman who sat opposite immediately said, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "How do she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

DIFFERENCES IN RELIGIOUS OPINION NO GROUND FOR IRRELIGION.

There are men in the world (who think themselves no babes neither) so deeply possessed with a spirit of atheism,



that though they will be of any religion (in show) to serve their turns, and comply with the times, yet they are resolved to be (indeed) of none, till all men be agreed of one; which yet never was, nor is ever like to be. A resolution no less desperate for the soul, if not rather much more, than it would be for the body, if a man should say he would never eat till all the clocks of the city should strike twelve together. If we look into the large volumes that have been written by philosophers, lawyers, and physicians, we shall find the greatest part of them spent in disputations, and in the routing and confuting of one another's opinions. And we allow them so to do without prejudice to their respective professions; albeit they be conversant about things measurable by sense or reason. Only in divinity great offence is taken at the multitude of controversies; wherein yet difference of opinions is by so much more tolerable than in other sciences, by how much the things about which we are conversant are of a more sublime, mysterious, and incomprehensible nature than are those of other sciences.

Bishop Sanderson.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

Give me honours: what are these But the pleasing hindrances, Stiles, and stops, and stays, that come In the way 'twixt me and home? Clear the walk, and then shall I To my heaven less run, than fly.

Herrick.



Meditations.

"LIKE A TALE THAT IS TOLD."

Our fond preferments are but childish toys, And as a shadow all our pleasures pass! As years increase, so waning are our joys, And beauty crazed like a broken glass, A pretty tale of that which never was.

Drayton.

CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Oh, what a melting consideration is this: that out of his agony comes our victory; out of his condemnation, our justification; out of his pain, our ease; out of his stripes, our healing; out of his gall and vinegar, our honey; out of his curse, our blessing; out of his crown of thorns, our crown of glory; out of his death, our life. If he could not be released, it was that you might. If Pilate gave sentence against him, it was that the great God might not give sentence against you. If he yielded that it should be with Christ as they required, it was that it might be with our souls as well as we can desire.

Flavel.



THE COMMON OF LITERATURE.

How large a portion of the material that books are neade of, is destitute of any peculiar distinction. "It has," as Pope said of women, just "no character at all." An accumulation of sentences and pages of vulgar truisms and candlelight sense, which any one was competent to write, and which no one is interested in reading, or cares to remember, or could remember if he cared. This is the common of literature—of space wide enough, of indifferent production, and open to all. The pages of some authors, on the contrary, give one the idea of enclosed gardens and orchards, and one says, "Ha! that is the man's own."

Foster.

THE MONARCH OF THE MICROCOSM.

Man in himself a little world doth bear, His soul the monarch ever ruling there; Wherever then his body doth remain, He is a king that in himself doth reign, And never feareth fortune's hot'st alarms, That bears against her patience for her arms.

Drayton.

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

We often indulge a melancholy pleasure in thinking that we shall be remembered and regretted after our 40



death. How little is to be built on such imaginations, we may learn from the example of Queen Elizabeth, who, when she had closed a long and glorious reign with her life, "was, in four days' time, as much forgotten as if she had never existed, by all the world, and even by her own servants."

Bishop Horne.

LIFE.

I made a posy while the day ran by:

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away,

And wither in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;

I took, without more thinking, in good part,

Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.
Farewell, dear flow'rs! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell and ornament,
And after death, for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Herbert.



THE MERRIMENT OF A DAY.

Alas, to be merry for a day, and then to lie in misery for ever, is a thing deserving no encouragement. We see it's a merry world with many that have least cause of mirth; but how long will they continue it? To see a man laugh, and play, and feast in a chariot that drives on so fast to death, in a vessel that is on so swift a stream that ends in the gulf of endless horror, is a doleful sight. Oh, how quickly will that merry countenance turn sad; and those proud looks be turned to unearthly paleness. and those wanton eyes be mouldered to dust, and leave the empty holes to warn the next spectator to use his eyes more wisely while he hath them? How quickly will these same sensual persons exchange their mirth for sighs, and groans, and endless torments, and fruitless lamentations, when they shall have everlasting leisure to peruse their lives, and to consider of their ways, which now there is no persuading them to consider of.

Baxter.

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold qualms and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find.
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.



I often look upon the face

Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place

Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,

Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must:
I see the sentence eke, that saith,
"Remember, man, that thou art dust."
But yet, alas! but seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head

An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell

That I, ere morning, may be dead,

Though now I feel myself full well:

But yet, alas! for all this I

Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat,
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.



My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away;
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that all must die,
And yet my life amend not I!

If none can 'scape death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
O grant me grace, O God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

Wastell.

ON THE SABBATH.

How quickly do the Sabbaths return; those seasons of rest and spiritual comfort! A seventh part of our time on earth is taken from the days of toil and care, and blessed and sanctified by the God of all goodness, for the recreation and benefit of our souls, and that we may have a foretaste of heavenly bliss. You may assure yourselves, that there is no pleasure to be found in this world, equal to what arises from the religious observance of the Sabbath-day; and if you once get into a habit of keeping it holy, you will never wish to pass it in a profane, wicked manner; you will find by the peace and comfort you will enjoy in it, that God hath really blessed it. With what delight do sincere worshippers go to the house of God!



with what humility do they bow down before him! how fervently do they implore his favour and protection! how heartily do they bless and praise his holy name! with what attention do they hearken to the instruction of the preacher! what pious resolutions do they form! how cheerfully do they return to their houses, assured of receiving the blessings they have asked, because God has promised them in the Scriptures! how peacefully do they close their eves at night! how calm are their slumbers! how refreshed do they arise in the morning, to pursue their labours. For six days they will do all manner of work that is required of them, longing for the return of that day which is esteemed by them the best of all the seven. These are some of the advantages which are enioved by the people of God-that is to say, by those who honour him as their Creator and Governor.

Mrs Trimmer's Life.

THE VALUE OF BEAUTY WELL USED.

Beauty born of heavenly race.

Beauty (daughter of marvel), O see how
Thou canst disgracing sorrows sweetly grace,
What power thou show'st in a distressing brow,
That mak'st affliction fair, giv'st tears their grace.
What? can untresséd locks, can torn, rent hair,
A weeping eye, a wailing face, be fair?
I see the artless feature can content,
And that true Beauty needs no ornainent.

Daniel.



SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heavens on high perpetually do move; By minutes meal the hour doth steal away, By hours the days, by days the months remove, And then by months the years as fast decay: Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say, That Time flieth, and never claps her wings; But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings. Gascoi ine.

THE FRAGILITY OF INPANT LIFE.

There are sicknesses that walk in darkness, and there are exterminating angels, that fly wrapped up in the curtains of immateriality and an uncommunicating nature; whom we cannot see, but we feel their force, and sink under their sword, and from heaven the veil descends that wraps our heads in the fatal sentence. There is no age of man but it hath proper to itself some posterns and the outlets for death, besides those infinite and open ports out of which myriads of men and women every day pass into the dark, and the land of forgetfulness. Infancy hath life but in effigy, or like a spark dwelling in a pile of wood; the candle is so newly lighted, that every little shaking of the taper, and every ruder breath of air, puts it out and dies. Childhood is so tender, and yet so unwary; so soft to all the impressions of chance, and yet so forward to run into them, that God knew there could be no security without the care and vigilance of an angel keeper; and the



eves of parents and the arms of nurses, the provisions of art and all the effects of human love and providence, are not sufficient to keep one child from horrid mischiefs, from strange and early calamities and deaths, unless a messenger be sent from heaven to stand sentinel, and watch the very playings and sleepings, the eatings and drinkings of the children; and it is a long time before nature makes them capable of help; for there are many deaths, and very many diseases to which poor babes are exposed; but they have but very few capacities for physic; to show that infancy is as liable to death as old age, and equally exposed to danger, and equally incapable of a remedy; with this only difference, that old age hath diseases incurable by nature, and the diseases of childhood are incurable by art; and both the states are the next heirs of death.

Jeremy Taylor.

CREDITOR TIME.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust?

Sir W. Raleigh.



NOTICE OF DEATH.

* This same

Which we call death, the soul's release from wo, The work which brings our bliss to happy frame: Seldom arrests the body, but we find Some notice of it written in our mind.

Markha n.

UPON TIME.

Time was upon
The wing, to fly away,
And I call'd on
Him but awhile to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then
A writing as he went,
And askt me, when
False man would be content
To pay again
What God and nature lent.

An hour-glass,
In which were sands but few,
As he did pass,
He show'd, and told me too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

Herrick.



OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossoms blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dics.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
Even such is man: who lives by breath;
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Wastell



TWO INTERESTING SIGHTS.

In our world there are two very interesting sights; the one is that of the young disciple entering the Church militant; the other is that of the old disciple about to join the Church triumphant.

VANITY-STILL VANITY.

I spake—from vanity it seem'd to me;
Was silent—still I saw 'twas vanity:
I own'd my vainness—vanity took possession
Of that most sad confession.
I vow'd to kill the weed, and strove to do't,
And hew'd and hack'd down to the very root;
Alas! still seem'd vanity to be thriving,
And living even in that very striving!
Then fell I down and pray'd—Lord take my breath,
And save me from the body of this death.

Henry Sutton.

MEMORY.

Memory is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the Muses. Aristotle sets it one degree farther, making experience the mother of art, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for



it, scratching it when they are at a loss. This, again, is twofold: one the simple retention of things; the other a regaining them when they are lost.

Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, men in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her muce? How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean (as I may say) of air, steer herself home without help of card or compass! But these cannot play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the mediation of discourse.

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clenching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overful that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders.

Thankfulness to God for it, continues the memory; whereas some proud people have been visited with such blivion, that they have forgotten their own names. stampilius, tutor to Luther, and a godly man, in a vain stentation of his memory, repeated Christ's genealogy



(Matthew) by heart in his sermon; but being out about the captivity of Babylon, I see (says he) God resisteth the proud, and so betook himself to his book. Abuse not thy memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness.

Thomas Fuller.

THE WEAKNESS OF MAN.

There is nothing that creeps upon the earth, nothing that ever God made, weaker than man; for God fitted horses and mules with strength, bees and pismires with sagacity, harts and hares with swiftness, birds with feathers and a light airy body: and they all know their times, and are fitted for their work, and regularly acquire the proper end of their creation; but man, that was designed to an immortal duration, and the fruition of God for ever, knows not how to obtain it: he is made upright to look up to heaven, but he knows no more how to purchase it than how to climb it. Once, man went to make an ambitious tower to outreach the clouds, or the preternatural risings of the water, but could not do it; he cannot promise himself the daily bread of his necessity upon the stock of his own wit or industry; and for going to heaven. he was so far from doing so naturally, that as soon as ever he was made, he became the son of death, and he knew not how to get a pardon for eating of an apple against the Divine commandment.

Jeremy Taylor.



KNOWLEDGE.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation, How in his cradle first he foster'd was! And judge of nature's cunning operation. How things she forméd of a formless mass. By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know. And what to man, and what to God we owe: From hence we mount aloft unto the sky, And look into the crystal firmament! There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy, The stars' pure light, the sphere's swift movement, The spirits and intelligences fair: And angels waiting on the Almighty's chair, And there, with humble mind and high in sight. Th' eternal Maker's majesty we view. His love, his faith, his glory, and his might, And many more than mortal men can view.

Spenser.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFECTIONS.

* Most wretched man,
That to affections doth the bridle lend,
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon through suff'rance grow to fearful end,
Whilst they are weak, betime with them contend,
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong wars they make, and cruel batt'ry bend
'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow.

Spenser.



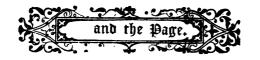
WHENCE THE FAIRNESS OF NATURE !

But were not nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness? Whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
The impassion'd soul? Whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe. Whence but from Thee,
O Source Divine of overflowing love?

Akenside.

THE SOUL, WHEN VIEWING THE PROSPECTS OF IMMORTALITY, COMPARED TO THE PRISONER ENLARGED FROM A DUNGEON.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air, Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps, And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharg'd, Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise, His heart exults, his spirits cast their load; As if new born he triumphs in the change; So joys the soul when from inglorious aims, And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts To reason's region, her own element, Breathes hope immortal, and affects the skies.



THE ADORNMENT OF NIGHT.

Would heaven her beauty should be hid from sight,
Ne'er would she thus adorn herself with light,
With sparkling lamps; nor would she paint her throne,
But she delighted to be gaz'd upon.
And when the glorious sun goes down,
Would she put on her star-bestudded crown,
And on her masking suit, the spangled sky
Come forth to bride it with her revelry.
Heaven gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should imitate their fashion.

Spenser.

DO PARENTS THINK ON THE EVILS OF A BAD EDUCATION?

I suppose it never occurs to parents, that to throw vilely educated young people on the world is, independently of the injury to the young people themselves, a positive *crime*, and of very great magnitude; as great, for instance, as burning their neighbour's house, or poisoning the water in his well. In pointing out to them what is wrong, even if they acknowledge the justness of the statement, one cannot make them feel a sense of guilt, as in other proved charges. That they love their children, extenuates to their consciences every parental folly, that may at last produce in the children every desperate vice.

Foster.



TEMPTATION OF MONEY.

An old Greek said well, there is amongst men nothing perfect, because men carry themselves as persons that are less than money, servants of gain and interest. We are like the foolish poet that Horace tells of: let him but have money for rehearsing his comedy, he cares not whether you like it or no; and if a temptation of money comes strong and violent, you may as well tie a wild dog to quietness with the gut of a tender kid, as suppose that most men can do virtuously, when they may sin at a greater price.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE OF SELF-DEVOTION TO GOD.

How inexpressible the pleasure of the soul in devoting itself to God, when bemoaning itself, and returning with weeping and supplication, it says, "Now, lo I come to thee, thou art the Lord my God. I have brought thee back thine own, what I had sacrilegiously alienated and stolen away, the heart which has gone astray, that hath been so long a vagabond and a fugitive from thy blessed presence, service, and communion. Take now the soul which thou hast made; possess thy own right, enter upon it, stamp it with the entire impression of thine own seal, and mark it for thine. Other lords shall no more have dominion. What have I to do any more with the idols wherewith I was wont to provoke thee to jealousy? I



will now make mention of thy name, and of thine only. I bind myself to thee in everlasting bonds, in a covenant never to be forgotten."

The self-denial which is included in this transaction. hath no little pleasure in it. When the soul freely quits all pretence to itself, and by its own consent passes into his (now acknowledged) right: disclaims itself, and all its own former interests, inclinations, and ends, and is resolved to be to him and no other; -- when this is done unreservedly, without any intention of retaining or keeping back anything from him; absolutely, and without making any condition of its own, but only agreeing to, and thankfully accepting his; peremptorily, and without hesitation, and without halting between two opinions, shall I? or shall I not? (as if it were ready in the same breath to retract and undo its own act). How doth it now rejoice to feel itself offer willingly! They that have life and sense about them, can tell there is pleasure in all this. And the oftener repetition is made hereof (so it be done with life, not with trifling formality), they so often renew the relishes with themselves of the same pleasure.

Howe.

CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

Christ took our nature on him, not that he 'Bove all things lov'd it, for the purity:

No, but he drest Him with our human trim,

Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

Herrick.



THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.

Bishop Beveridge.

KEEPING THE BANKS OF THE SABBATH.

The streams of religion run deeper or shallower, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.

Calcott.

THE UNHAPPY DIVISION OF FAITH AND WORKS.

'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet, put out the candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other; so it is with faith and works.

Selden.

LIP-LABOUR.

In the Old Scripture I have often read,
The calf without meal ne'er was offer'd;
To figure to us nothing more than this,
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.



ON MAMMON.

Mammon's grown rich: does Mammon boast of that? The stalled ox as well may boast he's fat.

Quarles.

OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE, AGE, AND DEATH.

God wot, my freend, our life full soon decayes,
And vertue voydes no wrinkles from the face:
Approching age by no entreatie stayes,
And death vntamed, uill graunt no man grace.

The Gorgious Gallery of Gallan.

Inventions, 1578



Experiences.

A BUNCH OF CERTAINTIES.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,
Hee wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,
Hee wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
Hee wyll appease our discorde and debate,
Hee wyll soon saue, though we repent vs late.
Hee wyll be ours, if we continewe his,
Hee wyll bring bale to ioy and perfect blisse.
Hee wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amisse,
Since Abraham's heyres dyd first his lawes reject.

Gascoigne.

FAIR FRUITS FROM HUMBLE ROOTS.

As on the unsavoury stock the lily is borne,
And as the rose grows on the pricking thorn,
So modest life, with sobs of grievous smart,
And cries devout, comes from a humble heart.

Thomas Hudson



PRUDENCE MORE POWERFUL IN THE END THAN FORCE.

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it at first, and the strong head possessed it last; the strong man first governed, and the witty man succeeded him, and lasted longer.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE ROOT OF ALL DISQUIETNESS.

I riches read,

And deem them root of all disquietness:
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness:
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness.
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise:
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetise,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despise.

Spenser.

FORLORN.

* * * This iron world
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state,
For misery doth bravest minds abate,
And makes them seek for that they wont to scorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.

Spenser.



THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN HOPE AND FAITH.

Faith comes by hearing; Hope by experience. Faith believeth the truth of the Word; Hope waits for its fulfilment. Faith lays hold of that end of the Promise that is next to us, even as it is in the Bible; Hope lays hold of that end of the Promise that is fastened to the Mercyseat. Thus Faith and Hope get hold of both ends of the Promise, and carry ALL away! Faith fights for Doctrine; Hope for a Reward. Faith for what is in the Bible; Hope for what is in Heaven. Faith purifies the heart from bad Principles; Hope from bad Manners. Faith sets Hope to work; Hope sets Patience to work. . . . Doth not all this make thy heart twitter after the Mercy that is in God?

Bunyan.

THE CHAMELEON COLOURS OF DECEIT.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold As are the passions of uncertain man; Who puts it in all colours, all attires, To serve his ends, and make his courses hold. He sees that let deceit work what it can, Plot and contrive base ways to high desires, That the all-guiding Providence doth yet All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Daniel.



AGE OF REASON AND DISCRETION.

As when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God: and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly. So is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty; but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed, and he is not to be called a man without a wise and adorned soul; a soul, at least, furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

Jeremy Taylor.



PROGRESS IS NOT ALWAYS PROSPERITY,

* * Craft wrapp'd still in many comberments, With all her cunning thrives not though it speed.

Daniel.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

Nothing seen fearful, we the most should fear; Great amistes rise before the greatest rain: The water deep'st where we'll not murmur hear; In fairest cups men temper deadliest bane. The nearer night, the air more clear and still; The nearer to one's death's, least fearing ill.

Drayton.

LABOUR.

While ease abounds, it's death to do amiss,
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behoves with cares, cannot so easy miss:
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful toil, shall honour soonest find.

Spenser.

EXPERIENCE.

These days' example hath deep written here, Deep written in my heart with iron pen, That bliss may not abide with mortal men.

Spenser.



REASON OF INFIDELITY.

I observed to Mr Hall, that in the course of my experience in society, I had never met with an instance where a man took up the argument as an unbeliever in the truth of Christianity, but it might be traced to an irregularity in his moral conduct; thus confirming a frequent remark of his, "When a man is opposed to Christianity, it is because Christianity is opposed to him."

Green's Reminiscences of Rev. Robert Hall.

THE OLIVE GARLAND.

Most sacred peace Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds, Weak she makes strong, and strong things doth increase: Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds. Brave be her wars, and honourable deeds, By which she triumphs over ire and pride, And wins an olive garland for their meeds.

Spenser.

MUCH SEED AND A LIGHT HARVEST.

What an astonishing mass of pabulum is consumed to sustain an individual human being! How much nourishment I have consumed by eating and drinking; how much air by breathing; how much of the element of affection 65



my heart has claimed, and has sometimes lived in luxury, and sometimes starved! Above all! what an infinite sum of those instructions which are to feed the moral and intellectual man have I consumed, and how poor the consequence! What a despicable, dwarfish growth I exhibit to myself and to God at this hour!

Yes, how much it takes in this last respect to grow how little! Millions of valuable thoughts, I suppose, have passed through my mind. How often my conscience has admonished me! How many thousands of pious resolu-How all nature has preached to me! How day and night, and solitude and the social scenes, and books and the Bible, the gravity of sermons and the flippancy of fools, life and death, the ancient world and the modern, sea and land, and the Omnipresent God! have all concurred to instruct me! and behold the miserable result of all!! I wonder if the measure of effect be a ten-thonsandth part of the bulk, to call it so, of this vast combination of causes. How far is this strange proportion between moral effects and their causes necessary in simple nature (analogically with the proportion between cause and consequence in physical pabulum), and how far is it the indication and the consequence of nature being depraved? However this may be, the enormous fact of the inefficacy of truth shades with melancholy darkness, to my view, all the hopes, for myself and for others, of any grand improvements in this world.

Foster.



BELIEVE AND LIVE.

Oh! how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to cloy the pile;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portals from afar,
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words—Believe and live.

Cowper.

THE DIFFERENCE OF MEN.

The difference of men is very great. You would scarce think them to be of the same species, and yet it consists more in the affection than in the intellect. For as in the strength of body two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercises and puts out his strength, the other will not stir nor strain himself. So 'tis in the strength of the brain: the one endeavours, and strains, and labours, and studies, the other sits still, and is idle, and takes no pains, and, therefore, he appears so much the inferior.

Selden.



THE POWER OF GRACE.

What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality:
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That though grace hath gained victory:
If any sleight we have it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power and eke the will.

Spenser.

GENTLEMEN-THEIR DEFINITION.

What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define: in other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the court of honour he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood, but he can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two—civilly, the gentleman of blood; morally, the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the other may be a debauched man, this a person of worth.

Selden

THE FOLLY OF FEARS.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain,

And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Sir Thomas More.



LABOUR IN VAIN.

O trustless state of earthly things, and slipper hope Of mortal men, that swinke and work for nought: Or shooting wide, doth miss the markëd scope. Now have I found (a lesson dearly bought)

That nis on earth assurance to be sought.

Spenser.

THE EFFICACY OF FAITH.

For my own part, since first my unbelief was felt, I have been praying fifteen years for faith, and praying with some earnestness, and am not yet possessed of more than half a grain. You smile, sir, I perceive, at the smallness of the quantity; but you would not, if you knew its efficacy. Jesus, who knew it well, assures you that a single grain, and a grain as small as mustard seed, would remove a mountain, remove a mountain-load of guilt from the conscience, a mountain-lust from the heart, and any mountain-load of trouble from the mind.

Berridge.

JUSTICE ETERNAL.

It often falls in course of common life,

That right long time is overborne of wrong,

Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,

That weakens her, and makes her party strong:

But justice, though her doom she do prolong,

Yet at the last will her own cause right.

Spenser.



COURT DANGERS.

Golden cups do harbour poison, And the greatest pomp dissembling, Court of season'd words hath foyson, Treason haunts in most dissembling.

D. Lodge.

Courtiers as the tide do rise and fall.

Spenser.

THE EVILS OF LIGHT LITERATURE.

Many works of fiction (says Hannah More) may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues, and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief.

THE DISABILITIES OF POVERTY.

It is in everybody's observation with what disadvantage a poor man enters upon the most ordinary affairs, much more disputing with the world, and in contradiction with the rich, that is the wise; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its possessor says or does,



so poverty creates disesteem, scorn, and prejudice, to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, nor understanding, for his own or friend's use, but is in the same condition with the sick; with this difference only, that his is an infection no man can relieve or assist; or, if he does, it is seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather from the ostentation of the physician than from compassion for the patient; it is a circumstance wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures, the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment. He is slighted in men's conversation, overlooked in their assemblies, and repulsed from their doors. In a word, after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, till you have said he is poor.

Sir Richard Steele.

PLUCKED OF OUR FEATHERS.

The prosperity of this world is like the shortest winter's day, and we are lifted up on it as an arrow shot upon high; where a short breath doth delight us, but from thence we fall suddenly to the earth, and there we stick fast, either bemired with the dirt of infamy, or starving with cold, being plucked out of our feathers.

Sir Thomas More.



ON A PILGRIM.

The weary pilgrim oft doth ask and know,
How far he's come; how far he has to go:
His way is tedious, and his heart's opprest,
And his desire is to be at rest:
Our life's a wayfare; yet fond man delays
T expire out the number of his days;
He cares not, he, how slow his hours spend;
His journey's better than his journey's end.

Quarles,

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

It is most true, that eyes are bound to serve
The inward part, and that th' heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who doth swerve
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
True that true beauty, virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade:
Which elements with mortal mixture breed,
True that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move.

Sir Philip Sydney.

THAT FROM WHICH WE CANNOT FLY.

Men change the air, but seldom change their care.

Drayton.



NO SINGLE FLOWER IN GOD'S GARDEN.

This man stands under Cain's gibbet with the halter of Judas, to his own thinking, fastened around his neck. And now he cries, "Great mercy, or no mercy; for little mercy will do me no good!" To such as these, good wishes, tender fingers, or compassion, without great mercy, can do nothing. But God's mercy is great and tender. Things may be great in quantity, and of little value. A diamond as little as a pea is preferred to a pebble, though big as a camel. God's mercies are rich and great. They are manifold as well as a multitude. There is no single flower in God's Gospel garden. They are all double or treble. There is a wheel within a wheel, a blessing within a blessing, in all his mercies.

Bunyan.



Reflections.

CHRISTIANITY.

Our Lord himself came as a peasant, lived as a pilgrim. preached under persecution, and died the death of a slave. The sanguine temperament of a mere man would have dazzled his disciples with the future, inflamed their imaginations with dreams of wealth, or consoled their privation with prophecies of sovereignty to come. But Jesus told them that their mission was to be like his own: that the disciple was not to be above his master; that his sufferings were to be their example, and their history. They were not even to have the popular praise of a bold resistance, or the personal solace of a lofty retribution. Persecuted by all, still they were to be the servants of all: pursued by the anathema, they were to return it only by the prayer; in exile and chains, they were only to answer by benedictions. Under the Jewish scourge or the Roman axe, they were only to rejoice that they were thought worthy to suffer for their cause. The sole appeal of Christianity must be to the heart, through the understanding. The temptations of the passions and the



senses were to be kept aloof from that sacred circle, in which the Christian did homage to the majesty of the Crucifixion.

Croly.

RELIGION.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

Herbert.

THE SPIRIT AND POWER OF RELIGION AND GODLINESS.

Now let us show ourselves men and manly Christians, not swayed by trifles and little things, as children by this or that dress, or mode or form of our religion, which may, perhaps, please some the more for its real indecency; but know, that if we continue picquering about forms, the life be lost, and we come to bear the character of that church, "thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead," we may, ere long (after all the wonders God hath wrought for us), expect to hear of our candlesticks being removed, and that our sun shall go down at noonday.

The true serious spirit and power of religion and god-



liness, will act no man against his conscience, or his rule understood, but will oblige him in all acts of worship (as well as of his whole conversation) to keep close to gospel prescription, so far as he can discern it. And that, he will find, requires that, in subordination to the divine glory, he seriously design the working out the salvation of his own soul, and take that course in order thereto. put himself under such a ministry, and such a way of using God's ordinances, as he finds most profitable and conducing to that great end, and that doth his soul most real good. If you are religious, or of this or that mode or way of religion, to serve a carnal design for yourself or your party, not to save your soul, you commit the most detestable sacrilege, and alienate the most sacred thing in the world, religion, from its true end; which will not only lose that end, but infer a heavy vengeance. Yea, and 'tis too possible to transgress dangerously, by preferring that which is less, though never so confidently thought to be divine, before that which is greater, or separately from its true end. You greatly prevaricate, if you are more zealously intent to promote Independency than Christianity, Presbytery than Christianity, Prelacy than Christianity, as any of these are the interest of a party, and not considered in subserviency to the Christian interest, nor designed for promoting the edification and salvation of your own soul. But that being your design, living religion will keep your eye upon your end, and make you steady and constantly true to that, and to your rule, without which you can never hope to reach your end.



BEYOND OUR KEN!

It doth exceed man's thought, to think how high God hath raised man, since God a man became:

The angels do admire this mystery,

And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Sir John Davies.

FANCY

Is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul. It digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without change, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotence, creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless: whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the rounds, ever working, never wearied.

Thomas Fuller.

UNHALLOWED WEALTH.

Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless, for nature is content with a little; and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want: and



thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we creates trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man to whome God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and had no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church: which being denied her, she engaged her husband in a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begat higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, the wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of her husband; after which his wife vexed and chid. and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy.

Isaac Walton.

TASTE.

What then is taste, but these internal powers Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? A discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state nor culture, can bestow;
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But God alone, when first his active hand Imprints the secret bias of the soul. He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all, Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven. Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain, Who journeys homeward from a summer day's Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils And due repose, he loiters to behold The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds, O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween, His rude expression and untutor'd airs. Beyond the power of language, will unfold The form of beauty, smiling at his heart, How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven In every breast hath sown these early seeds Of love and admiration, yet in vain, Without fair culture's kind parental aid, Without enlivening suns, and genial showers, And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope The tender plant should rear its blooming head, Or yield the harvest promised in its spring. Nor yet will every soil with equal stores Repay the tiller's labour; or attend His will, obsequious, whether to produce The olive or the laurel. Different minds Incline to different objects: one pursues The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild: Another sighs for harmony, and grace, And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;



When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air, And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed, Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky, Amid the mighty uproar, while below The nations tremble, Shakspere looks abroad From some high cliff superior, and enjoys The elemental war. But Waller longs, All on the margin of some flowery stream, To spread his careless limbs amid the cool Of plantain shades, and to the list'ning deer The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day: Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill Joins in his plaint melodious; mute the groves; And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn. Such, and so various, are the tastes of men.

O blest of Heaven! whom not the languid songs Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store Of nature fair imagination culls To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all Of mortal offspring can attain the heights Of envied life; though only few possess Patrician treasures, or imperial state; Yet nature's care, to all her children just, With richer treasures and an ampler state, Endows at large whatever happy man Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp, 80



The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns The princely dome, the column and the arch, The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold, Beyond the proud possessor's happy claim, His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring Distils her dews, and from the silken gem Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand Of autumn tinges every fertile branch With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn. Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings; And still new beauties meet his lonely walk. And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze Flies o'er the meadow: not a cloud imbibes The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain From all the tenants of the warbling shade Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake Fresh pleasure unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind. By this harmonious action on her powers, Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft In outward things to meditate the charm Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home To find a kindred order, to exert Within herself this elegance of love, This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers Refine at length, and every passion wears A chaster, milder, more attractive mien. But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze On nature's form, where, negligent of all These lesser graces, she assumes the post



Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd The world's foundations; if to these the mind Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms Of servile custom cramp her generous power; Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear? Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course, The elements and seasons: all declare For what the Eternal Maker has ordain'd The powers of man: we feel within ourselves His energy divine: he tells the heart, He meant, he made us to behold and love What he beholds and loves, the general orb Of life and being: to be great like him. Beneficent and active. Thus the men Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day, With his conceptions, act upon his plan. And form to his the relish of their souls.

Akenside

REGRET.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!



When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan-like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known, and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

Drummond.

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Dr Henry King.



TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again—
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turn, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow—
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish:
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd:
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some: who most, hath never all.

Southwell.



THE LAMP OF GOD.

True Religion, sprung from God above,
So, like her fountain, full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good-will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
Not wedged in straight peculiarity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure light.

Henry More.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense

Make their pretence:
In th' other angels have a rightly birth:

Man ties them both alone,

And makes them one—

With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other carth.

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In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.

He wears a stuff, whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place

After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be relicfs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

Herbert.



SOCIETY NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines, And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive. What is she but the means of happiness? That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool; A melancholy fool, without her bells. Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives The precious end which makes our wisdom wise. Nature, in zeal for human amity, Denies, or damps, an undivided joy. Joy is an impost, joy is an exchange; Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two; Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluck'd by one. Necdful auxiliars are our friends, to give To social man true relish of himself. Full in ourselves, descending in a line, Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight: Delight intense is taken by rebound: Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Young.

CLOUDS OF THE BRAIN.

A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,

Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,

And airy tongues that syllable men's names,

And sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

Milton.



HONOUR FOR WHAT?

Men. like butterflies. Show not their mealy wings but to the summer: And not a man, for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, favour, Prizes of accident as oft as merit; Which when they fall, as, being slippery standers, The love that lean'd on them is slippery too, Do one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall.

Shakspere.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE TOMB.

Pale, fearful death with bloody dart doth strike The wretched caitiff and the king alike. Untimely never comes the life's last sneeze: In cradle death may rightly claim his debt-Straight after birth is due the fatal bier: By death's permission th' aged linger here. Even in the swath-bands our commission goeth, To loose thy breath, that yet but youngly bloweth.

Mirror of Magistrates.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE MIND.

Thou canst not reach the height that I shall find: A generous soul is sunshine to the mind.

Sir Robert Howard.



SHATTERED DIAMONDS.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure, But o'er the Christian's soul It sheds a radiance calm and pure. Though tempests round him roll: His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke, But to its latest thrill, Like diamonds shining when they're broke, Religion lights it still.

WHY ARE WE NOT IN THE SUNSHINE?

If thou wouldest have more light and heat, why art thou no more in the sunshine? For want of this recourse to heaven, thy soul is a lamp that is not lighted, and thy duties as a sacrifice which hath no fire. Fetch me coal daily from this altar, and see if thy offering will not burn. Light thy lamp at this flame, and feed it daily with oil from hence, and see if it will not gloriously shine. Keep close to this reviving fire, and see if thy affections will not be warm.

A PLEA FOR GENIUS.

Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those

Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows; And we their hoary heads can see,

Whose wit was never their mortality.

Bishop Earle.



OF JESTING.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pooh," said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him."

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word.

Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font, or to drink healths in but the church chalice?

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their windingsheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.

He that will lose a friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

Thomas Fuller.

THE INERTIA OF SORROW.

Sad sorrow, like a heavy, ringing bell,
Once set in ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
Shakspere.



CHURCH MUSIC.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, God help poor kings.

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me, Sure I shall do so, and much more: But if I travel in your company, You know the way to heaven's door.

Herbert.

AN EASY TASK AND A DIFFICULT ONE.

'Tis by comparison, an easy task

Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven,

This is not easy. To relinquish all

We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,

And stand in freedom loosen'd from the world,

I deem not arduous; but must needs confess,

That 'tis a thing impossible to frame

Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;

And the most difficult of tasks, to keep

Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Wordsnorth.



VIRTUE.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky; The dews shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave, Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye; Thy root is ever in its grave; And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses; A box where sweets compacted lie; Thy music shows ye have your closes; And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like season'd timber, never gives; But, though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.

Herbert.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven! The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
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Celestial Venus, with divinest airs, Invites the soul to never-fading joy. Look then abroad through nature, to the range Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres, Wheeling unshaken through the void immense; And speak, O man! does this capacious scene With half that kindling majesty dilate Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate, Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm Aloft extending, like eternal Jove When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel. . And bade the father of his country hail? For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust, And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair In all the dewy landscapes of the spring, In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn, In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush Of him who strives with fortune to be just? The graceful tear that streams for others' woes? Or the mild majesty of private life, Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns The gate: where Honour's literal hands efface Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings Of innocence and love protect the scene.

Akenside.



THE WILES OF CRAFT.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to deny the crafty cunning train
By which deceit doth mask in vizard fair:
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless mind with guile to entertain.

Spenser.

TOMBS.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead: a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

Tombs ought in some sort to be proportioned, not to the wealth, but to the deserts of the party interred.

There were officers appointed in the Grecian gamea, who always by public authority did pluck down the statues erected to the victors, if they exceeded the true symmetry and proportion of their bodies. We need such now-a-days to order monuments to men's merits, chiefly to reform such depopulating tombs as have no good fellowship with them, but engross all the room, leaving neither seats for the living, nor graves for the dead. It was a wise and thrifty law which Reutha King of Scotland made, that noblemen should have so many pillars or long-pointed stones set in their sepulchres, as they had slain enemies in the wars. If the order were also enlarged to those who in peace had excellently deserved of the church or commonwealth, it might well be revived.



The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are best. I say the shortest, for when a passenger sees a chronicle written on a tomb, he takes it in trust some great man lies there buried, without taking pains to examine who it is. Mr Cambden, in his "Remains," presents us with examples of great men that had little epitaphs. And when once a witty gentleman was asked what epitaph was fitted to be written on Mr Cambden's tomb, let it be, said he, "Cambden's Remains."

I say also the plainest: for, except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be true, not, as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the false-hoods written on it. He was a witty man who first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie.

A good memory is the best monument: others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the power of their founders. Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves.

Thomas Fuller.



Ejaculations.

GOD OUR GUARD.

Ah me! how many perils do enfold The righteous man, to make him daily fall: Were not that heavenly grace did him behold, And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.

Spenser.

GOD'S LOVE AND PITY.

Great God, whom we with humbled thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty king,
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne befores
Archangels serve, and scraphim do sing:
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes.
We do behold within this various round;
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies;
At whose command clouds peals of thunder sound:
Ah! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience' glass,
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agh we be loth to look, we see too well. erv'd revenge, oh! do not, do not take: hou revenge, who shall abide thy blow? s shall this world, this world which thou didst make, ich should not perish till thy trumpet blow. at soul is found whose parent's crime not stains? what with its own sins defil'd is not? ough justice rigour threaten, vet her reins mercy guide, and never be forgot. less are our faults, far, far than is thy love: what can better seem thy grace divine, in they who plagues deserve, thy bounty prove? d where thou show'r may'st vengeance, there to shine! en look and pity; pitying, forgive guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall: ves, if, alas! thou look how we do live, doing ill, or doing nought at all: an ungrateful mind the foul effect. t if thy gifts which largely heretofore ou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect, are thy servants, nay, than servants more y children: yes, and children dearly bought: t what strange chance us of this lot bereaves? or worthless wights, how lowly are we brought! iom grace once children made, sin hath made slaves. hath made slaves, but let those bands grace break, it in thy wrongs our mercies may appear: ' wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak, ; thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.) wisdom boundless! O miraculous grace!



Grace, wisdom, which make wink dim reason's eye! And could heaven's King bring from his placeless place, On this ignoble stage of care to die: To die our death, and with the sacred stream Of blood and water gushing from his side, To make us clean of that contagious blame, Just on us brought by our first parents' pride! Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King! Love, pity, which so well our loss present, Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring, And sad beginning cheer with glad event. O love and pity! ill known of these times! O love and pity! careful of our need! O bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes, Grown numberless, contend near to exceed. Make this excessive ardour of thy love So warm our coldness, so our lives renew. That we from sin, sin may from us remove, Wisdom our will, faith may our wit subdue. Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust, Hell's candid poison killing our best part, Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.

Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
A saviour more than judge they thee may find.

Drummond_



ETERNITY.

O years and ages! farewell: Behold I go Where I do know Infinity to dwell.

And there mine eyes shall see All times, how they Are lost i' th' sea Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
The stars; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

Herrick.

VIRTUE.

What one art thou thus in torn weeds yelad!
Virtue, in price, whom ancient sages had:
Why poorly clad? for fading goods past care:
Why double-faced? I mark each fortune's race:
This bridle what? Mind's rage to restrain:
Why bear you toils? I love to take great pain:
Why wings? I teach above the stars to fly:
Why treat you death? I only cannot die.
Sir Thomas Wyatt.



AN ASPIRATION.

Father of light! thou maker of the heav'n!
From whom my being-well and being springs,
Bring to effect this, my desired steaven,
That I may leave the thought of worldly things!
Then in my troubles, will I bless the time
My muse vouchsafed me such a lucky rhyme.

Thomas Lodge.

TO MY PICTURE.

When age hath made me what I am not now, And every wrinkle tells me where the plough Of time hath furrow'd: when an ice shall flow Through every vein, and all my head be snow: When death displays his coldness in my cheek, And I myself in my own picture seek, Not finding what I am, but what I was: In doubt which to believe—this, or my glass; Yet though I alter, this remains the same As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame And first complexion; here will still be seen, Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin: Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye, The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye. Behold what frailty we in man may see, Whose shadow is less given to change than he. Randolph.



MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd: It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed: It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r, The attribute to awe and majesty. Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings. But mercy is above the sceptred sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings; It is an attribute to God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's, When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew. Though justice be thy plea, consider this-That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy.

Shakspere.

FAREWELL TO REPENTANCE.

If I may be permitted to drop one tear as I enter the Portals of the city of God, it will be at taking an eternal farewell of that beloved and profitable companion, Re-Pentance.

Rowland Hill.



IF WE KNEW ALL!

If all men's thoughts were written on their face,
Some one that now the rest doth overcrow,
Some others ebb that wants his sovereign grace,
When as the prince their inward thoughts should know,
The meaner then should take the better place,
The greatest man might stoop and sit below.

Sir John Harrington.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

Leigh Richmond was once conversing with a brother clergyman in the case of a poor man who had acted inconsistently with his religious profession. After some angry and severe remarks on the conduct of such persons, the gentleman with whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying, "I have no notion of such pretences; I will have nothing to do with him."—"Nay, brother, let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference;' with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"

FENELON'S PRAYER.

O Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it; and when thou hast it, oh keep it, for I cannot keep it for thee; and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.



WHAT PENELON WOULD HAVE SAID TO DEATH.

Fenelon observed, shortly before his death, "Had I viewed only the glory of this world, I would have said to Death, when he presented to me the cup of bitterness, 'Let that cup pass from me.' But, happily, my thoughts were entirely taken up with heaven, and I exclaimed to myself, 'How pleasing is this cup!'"

THE COSTLINESS OF MAD PLEASURE.

O vanity!

How are thy painted beauties doted on By light and empty idiots! how pursued With open and extended appetite! How they do sweat, and run themselves from breath! Raised on their toes to catch thy airy forms, Still turning giddy till they reel like drunkards, That buy the merry madness of one hour With the long irksomeness of following time.

Ben Jonson.

THE DURATION OF HOPE.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,
When all thy sister planets had decay'd;
When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile.
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!

Campbell.



THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, cone away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly:
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

THE PRAYER OF A LONELY HEART.

I am alone—oh be thou near to me, Great God! from whom the meanest are so far. Not in presumption of the daring spirit, Striving to find the secrets of itself.



Make I my weeping prayer, in the deep want Of utter loneliness, my God! I seek thee; If the worm may creep up to thy fellowship, Or dust, instinct with yearning, rise towards thee. I have no fellow, Father! of my kind; None that be kindred, none companion to me, And the vast love, and harmony, and brotherhood, Of the dumb creatures thou hast made below me, Vexes my soul with its own bitter lot. Around me grow the trees, each by the other: Innumerable leaves, each like the other, Whisper and breathe, and live and move together: Around me spring the flowers—each rosy cup Hath sisters leaning their fair cheeks against it; The birds fly all above me—not alone, But coupled in free fellowship, or mustering A joyous band, sweeping in companies The wide blue fields between the clouds; the clouds Troop in society, each on the other Shedding, like sympathy, reflected light; The waves, a multitude, together run To the great breast of the receiving sea: Nothing but hath its kind, its company, God! save I alone! then let me come. Good Father! to thy feet; when, even as now, Tears, that no human hand is near to wipe, O'erbrim my eyes, oh wipe them thou, my Father! When in my heart the stores of its affections, Piled up unused, lock'd fast, are like to burst The fleshly casket, that may not contain them, 105



Let me come nigh thee; accept them thou,
Dear Father! Fount of love! Compassionate God!
When in my spirit burns the fire, the pow'r
That have made men utter the words of angels,
And none are near to bid me speak and live:
Hearken, O Father! maker of my spirit!
God of my soul, to thee I will outpour
The hymns resounding through my troubled mind,
The sighs and sorrows of my lonely heart,
The tears and weeping of my weary eyes:
Be thou my fellow, glorious, gracious God!
And fit for me such fellowship with thee!

Frances Kemble Butler.



Maxims.

A RIGHT INDIFFERENCE.

Reason should have ability

To hold these worldly things in such proportion,

As let them come or go with even facility.

Sir Philip Sydney.

MAN'S PREROGATIVE.

Books are part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they thought and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.
Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward doth extend.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

THE ARMOUR WORN BY PATIENCE.

Patience doth bear a never pierced shield, Whose brightness hath enforc'd more monsters yield, Than that of ugly Gorgon's head was made.

Sylvester.



OUR SUNSET.

No man before his end is truly blest.

Decker.

THE EFFECT OF CULTIVATION.

Use makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

Chapman.

THE BALANCE OF DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

God's mercy gently weighs his justice down.

Achelly.

BALM.

God hath made a salve for every sore,

If men would learn the same for to apply.

Sir John Harrington.

THE INALIENABLE KINGDOM.

No banishment can be to him assign'd, Who doth retain a true resolved mind. **Drayton.**

COURAGE LIGHTENS ILL.

Good heart in ill, doth th' evil much amend.

Spenser.



SOME PREEDOM TURNED TO BANISHMENT.

To roam

Giddily, and be everywhere but at home, Such freedom doth a banishment become.

Donne.

THE UNSOUGHT REMEDY.

Ofttimes we see that sorrows of the mind

Find remedy unsought, which seeking cannot find.

Spenser.

FAITH.

Let soberness be still thy wisdom's end,
Admitting what thou caust not comprehend.

Sylvester.

THE FILM OF BEAUTY.

All men do err, because that men they be, And men with beauty blinded, cannot see.

Peele.

REAVEN.

Heaven is not given for our good works here; Yet it is given to the labourer.

Herrick.



GOOD INCLINATIONS.

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is thereby made so much the more criminal and inexcusable. A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will: which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.

South.

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WO.

When man is punish'd, he is plagued still, Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

Herrick.

A COMPARISON.

Our life is but a step in dusty way.

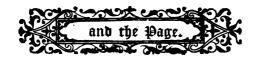
Sir Philip Sydney.

THE CAR OF FAITH.

Repentance, hope, and soft humility,

Do flank the wings of faith's triumphant car.

Sulvester.



"PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE."

A wise man poor Is like a sacred book that's never read. I' himself he lives, and to all else seems dead: This age thinks better of a gilded fool, Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school. Decker.

REVOLUTIONS.

The ever-changing course of things Run a perpetual circle, ever turning. Change lives not long, time fainteth, and time mourns: Solace and sorrow have their certain turns.

Daniel

A JACOB'S LADDER.

Humility, to heaven, the step, the stair Is for devotion, sacrifice, and prayer.

Drayton.

MISCHIEVOUS IGNORANCE.

We, ignorant of ourselves. Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; some find profit By losing of our prayers.

Shakspere.



TRUE BLISS.

Blessed the man that well can use his bliss.

Spenser.

NEED.

Need is mistress of all exercise.

Thomas Bastard.

THE RESIDUUM-CHOOSE?

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains; If well, the pain doth fade—the joy remains.

Herbert.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons to be learned from the history of Judas:—First, that profession is not possession; secondly, that there may be the outward call without the effectual call; and, lastly, that conviction is not conversion.

PROFESSION AND CONFESSION.

Profession is swimming down the stream, confession is swimming against it. How many may swim with the stream, like the dead fish that cannot swim against the stream with the living fish; many may profess Christ that cannot confess Christ.



THE ELM AND THE VINE.

Oh! that we might see in every place piety the elm to every vine; the supporter of every profession.

TO WHOM IS THE CROWN OF LIFE?

The crown of life is promised not to him that escapes, but to him that endureth temptation.

WHO OVERCOMETH THE STRONG MAN?

None but Christ is strong enough to overcome the strong man. His person only hath strength enough to bear the curse of sin: his sacrifice only merit enough to make expiation for sin. His grace only virtue enough to remove the pollution of sin. Though we should take nitre and much soap, our sin would be marked still; but he cometh with "the refiner's fire, and with fuller's soap," and can wash out all. It was his business in coming into the world to destroy the works of the devil.

"BE ANGRY AND SIN NOT."

"Be angry and sin not." Now, he that would be angry and not sin, must be angry at nothing but sin; and at that not so much as it is an injury to us, as an offence to Gcd. And he must not be so transported with anger, as to be unfitted and indisposed therewith, either for prayer to God, or pity to men.



HUSH!

All music sleeps where Death doth lead the dance.

Spenser.

"SAVE LORD, OR WE FERISH."

A thousand perils lie in close await About us daily, to work our decay, That none except a God, or God his guide, May them avoid, or remedy provide.

Spenser.

THE MOMENT OF DANGER.

When as we think we most in safety stand,

The greatest danger then is near at hand.

Drayton.

THE SMOOTH PATH.

The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.

Shenstone.

THE PROGRESS OF FOLLY.

Folly in youth is sin, in age is madness.

Daniel.

LINKS.

Joy lighteneth wo, wo joy doth moderate.

Drayton.



THE RECKLESSNESS OF AMBITION.

A diadem once dazzling the eye,
The day too dark to see affinity:
And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a crown,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown down.

Drayton.

HOW MANY PROPLE FAIL TO BE WISE.

The desire of being thought wise, is often a hindrance to becoming so; for such an one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

SELF-DECEPTION.

Vain is the art that seeks itself for to deceive. . Spenser.



Dibine Instruments.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Our walls of flesh, that close our souls, God knew how weak, and gave

A farther guard, even every man, an angel guide to save.

And men for us be angels, while they work our souls to save.

Warner.

THE MISSION OF ANGELS.

* Is there care in heaven? is there love
In the heavenly spirits to those creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, than beasts; but O the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so:
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

Spenser.



ANGELS.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place, In full enjoyment of felicity. Whence they do still behold the glorious face Of the divine eternal Majesty. More fair is that where those *Idees* on high Enranged be, which Plato so admired, And pure intelligences from God inspired. Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do reign The sovereign powers and mighty potentates, Which in their high protections do contain All mortal princes and imperial states. And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats And heavenly dominations are set: From whom all earthly governance is set. Yet far more fair be those bright cherubims, Which all with golden wings are over dight. And those eternal burning Scraphims. Which from their faces dart out fiery light. Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright, Be th' angels and archangels, which attend On God's own person, without rest or end.

Spenser.

THE ROD.

God's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then The rod doth sleep while vigilant are men.

Herrick.



ANGELS.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skys, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly love to man have such regard.

Spenser.

GABRIEL-THE AMBASSADOR.

Out of the hierarchies of angels' sheen,
The gentle Gabriel God call'd from the rest:
'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous beene,
Ambassador he is, for ever blest.

The just commands of heaven's eternal King,
'Twixt skies and earth he up and down doth bring.

Fairfax.

PRESERVATIVES FROM TEMPTATION.

A heart in heaven will be a most excellent preservative against temptations to sin. It will keep the heart well employed. When we are idle, we tempt the devil to tempt us; as careless persons make thieves. A heart in heaven can reply to the tempter, as Nehemiah did, I



am doing a great work, so that I cannot come. It hath no leisure to be lustful or wanton, ambitious or worldly. If you were but busy in your lawful callings, you would not be so ready to hearken to temptations; much less, if you were also busy above, with God. Would a judge be persuaded to rise from the bench, when he is sitting upon life and death, to go and play with children in the streets? No more will a Christian, when he is taking a survey of his eternal rest, give ear to the alluring charms of Satan. The children of that kingdom should never have time for trifles, especially when they are employed in the affairs of the kingdom; and this employment is one of the saint's chief preservatives from temptation.

Baxter.

ON CHANGE OF WEATHERS.

And were it for thy profit to obtain
All sunshine? no vicissitude of rain?
Think'st thou that thy laborious plough requires
Not winter frosts, as well as summer fires?
There must be both: sometimes these hearts of ours
Must have the sweet, the seasonable showers
Of tears; sometimes the frost of chill despair
Makes our desired sunshine seem more fair:
Weathers that most oppose to flesh and blood,
Are such as help to make our harvest good:
We may not choose, great God; it is thy task:
We know not what to have, nor how to ask.

Quarles.



"PIOUS ORGIES, PIOUS PRAYERS!"

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find? Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind? Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise, No cries invoke the mercies of the skies? Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain. Still raise for good the supplicating voice. But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice. Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar The secret ambush of a specious prayer; Implore his aid, on his decisions rest, Secure whate'er he gives he gives the best. Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires, And strong devotion to the skies aspires, Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind, Obedient passions, and a will resign'd: For love, which scarce collective man can fill; For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill; For faith, that, panting for a happier seat, Counts Death kind nature's signal for retreat: These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain; With these celestial wisdom calms the mind. And makes the happiness she does not find. Samuel Johnson.



INDICIA.

God hears the very first motions of a man's heart, which that man, till he proceed to a farther consideration, doth not hear, not feel, not deprehend in himself. That soul, that is accustomed to direct herself to God upon every occasion, that, as a flower at sunrising, conceives a sense of God in every beam of his, and spreads and dilates itself towards him, in a thankfulness, in every small blessing that he sheds upon her; that soul, that, as a flower at the sun's declining, contracts and gathers in, and shuts up herself, as though she had received a blow. whensoever she hears her Saviour wounded by an oath, or blasphemy, or execration; that soul who, whatsoever string be strucken in her, base or treble, her high or her low estate, is ever tuned toward God, that soul prays sometimes when it does not know that it prays: I hear that man name God, and ask him, what said you, and perchance he cannot tell; but I remember that he casts forth some of those ejaculationes anima (as S. August. calls them), some of those darts of a devout soul, which, though they have not particular deliberations, and be not formal prayers, yet they are the indicia, pregnant evidences and blessed fruits of a religious custom; much more is it true, which S. Bernard says there of them. Deus audit-God hears that voice of the heart itself hears not; that is, at first considers not.

Donne.



Sorrow and Trial.

ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY: HEARSE-LIKE AIRS AND CAROLS.

If you listen even to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the holy Spirit hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Lord Bacon.

STEADINESS OF TROUBLE AND SORROW.

When a man recounts the various scenes and appearances of things, which he has passed through in life, and the various conditions he has been in, he may possibly find that there is nothing steady but sorrow and trouble.



CHEQUERED SHADE.

Chequer'd shade, chequer'd shade! 'Tis of such this life is made: From the cradle to the tomb, Not all gladness, not all gloom: Many a bright thread winding through Tissues of a sombre hue: Many a dark thread woven in Where the golden ones begin; Such the woof wherein we see Cloth'd is our mortality: Such the garments that we wear; Such the lot that all must share: Mingled e'er is joy and wo, Gloom and gladness, here below; And the path wherein we tread. Ever hath a chequer'd shade!

WEAKNESS TEACHES FORTITUDE.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope; So tickle is the state of earthly things, And brings us bale and bitter sorrowings, That, ere they come unto their aimed scope, They fall too short of our frail reckonings, Instead of comfort which we should embrace. This is the death of keysars and of kings, Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place, Too greatly grieve at any unlucky case.

Spenser.



PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

The inward flesh presently sinks under the rod; but faith need not fear it, for it is in the hand of one who loves us better than we love ourselves; and who knows our frame that we are but dust and ashes, and therefore will not suffer us to be overdone and overwhelmed.

WE MUST TRAVEL IN ROUGH WEATHER.

We must march on, though temptations surround us; as a traveller, surprised by a storm, wraps himself up in his cloak and proceeds, notwithstanding the foulness of the weather.

THE GOOD GOAD-ADVERSITY.

By adversity are wrought The greatest works of admiration, And all the fair examples of renown, Out of distress and misery are grown.

Daniel.

SUBMISSION AND RESOLUTION.

To the Infinitely Good we owe Immortal thanks, and his admonishment Receive, with solemn purpose to observe Immutably his sovereign will, the end Of what we are.

Milton.



THE HABIT OF SUBMISSION.

Though affliction, at the first, doth vex Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis Unjustly laid; yet, when the amazement which That new pain brings is worn away, they then Embrace oppression straight, with such Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came From Heaven, not man.

Sir W. Davenant.

HUMILITY TAUGHT BY UNCERTAINTY.

The greatest and most glorious thing on ground, May often need the help of weakest hand, So feeble is man's state, and life unsound, That in assurance it may never stand, Till it disorder'd be from earthly band.

Spenser.

RESURGAM!

He is not dead, that sometime had a fall;
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud;
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allow'd:
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud:
The willow eke that stoopeth with the wind,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

Sir Thomas Wuatt.



Chanksgibings.

THE EXCELLENCY OF A THANKFUL SPIRIT.

One of the most vexatious things in the estate of man is, that we find it so hard to perceive the enjoyment of anything while we have it. Were we by any misfortune to be stricken blind, how we should envy all who can see, and how happy we should think ourselves, could we but once more behold the busy radiance of the day and the still glories of the night. But now, when this great privilege is ours, we scarcely perceive the blessing. Instead of enjoying it, we are fretting about something else. Nor is this the result of mere heedlessness, for when we are reminded of the blessings we enjoy, and when our reason forces us to acknowledge that we possess much, of which to be deprived would be a dreadful loss, still we cannot feel an enjoyment of our possession. It seems to be an unfortunate condition of our nature, that we are almost sure to have a vivid and painful perception of the loss of a thing, and almost equally sure not to be able, except upon rare occasions, to have a pleasurable perception of possessing that which is not yet lost. Herein the religious mind has a great advantage. The heart which is



"unfeignedly thankful" is mindful of its store blessings, and gratitude which is cultivated as a duty, becomes the source of pure and perpetual satisfaction. As King David says in the 147th Psalm, "Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful."

The Table Talker.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS!"

The cross and adversity taketh from us the love of the world, and driveth away all manner of dangerous and delicious lusts and pleasures of this transitory life. We would fain be rich, but God sendeth us poverty. desire health of body, but God giveth us sickness, and so nurtureth and nurseth us in misery and with affliction, that we can no more tell what a delicious and tender pleasant life in this world meaneth; and thus begin we to contemn and loathe all transitory things, and to desire another more better, precious, and an eternal life, where all manner of misery shall have an end. He that taketh a journey in hand, and goeth into a strange country, when he cometh into a pleasant town, where he meeteth merry company and good companions, peradventure he spendeth away the time and tarrieth too long among them, and so forgetteth his household and things at home. But if one hard mischance after another happen unto him, then he maketh the more haste home again to his wife and children, where he hath more rest and quietness. Even so, when these transitory things such as riches, health, beauty, much profit honour, and



dignity, happen unto us, if we will once gaze upon them and delight so much in them, that we do the less regard and esteem the heavenly life, then will God make the way rough and crabbed unto us here in this life, that we should not take and esteem this transitory life in this world for our right natural country, towards the which we take our journey. Furthermore, they that be poor, and in distress and heaviness, are always readier to forsake this world, and are more desirous to depart hence to God, than those that have riches, health, and felicity at pleasure. And therefore St Austin writeth thus: behold how God hath replenished and fitted the world with so many afflictions, and with so much troublesome adversity. It is bitter, and yet it is loved. It is ruinous and ready to fall, and yet it is inhabited. O thou, my dear darling world, what should we do, if thou wert sweet, stable, and permanent, seeing we do thus now? O thou foul and unclean world, if thou art bitter, and vet deceivest and beguilest us, whom wouldst thou not deceive and beguile. if thou wert sweet?

Coverdale.

REJOICE!

"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice," Rejoicing is a pleasing exercise, but it is not always an easy one. In a vale of tears, in an enemy's country, without fightings, within fears, pressed down with a sense of unworthiness, burdened with infirmities, wearied with a body of sin and death, what wonder if we often hang



our harp on the willows! or at least that we cannot always sing the Lord's song. Yet we are enjoined to "rejoice always." But how? In what? In whom? In the world? In creatures? In ourselves? Then would it indeed be impracticable. No, but "in the Lord," and in him there is enough at all times, and in every condition, to encourage and delight us. We are empty, but in him all fulness dwells. In him is all the wisdom, pardon, righteousness, strength, and hope we need. His grace is sufficient, for he is an infinite resource.

DUTY OF THANKSGIVING EVER RECURRENT.

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold His goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad toward the things about us, we may perceive ourselves enclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance: subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or, when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof; the glorious splendour and



uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth; the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God (especially his transcendent goodness) are most conspicuously displayed (so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such like men, never suspected of an excessive devotion); then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

Barrow.

THANKS FOR HOME!

In a course of travelling, though the road be ever so pleasant, and the company ever so good, one cannot help sometimes feeling that one is not at home, and looking forward to the journey's end. How thankful ought one to be, that there is at last a home where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path will be sure to find that repose and security of enjoyment, which in the most prosperous journey can never be found on the road.

Carter and Talbot's Letters.



A THANKSGIVING FOR MY HOUSE.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell, Wherein to dwell:

A little house, whose humble roof Is weather-proof;

Under the span of which I lie, Both soft and dry.

Where thou, my chamber for to ward, Hast set a guard

Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep The while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate— Both void of state;

And yet the threshold of my door Is worn by the poor,

Who hither come, and freely get Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall And kitchen small;

A little buttery, and therein A little bin.

Which keeps my little loaf of bread Unchipt, unflead.

Some little sticks of thorn or brier Make me a fire;

Close by whose living coal I sit, And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine, The pulse is thine,



And all those other bits that be There placed by thee. The worts, the parslain, and the mess Of water-cress, Which of thy kindness thou hast sent; And my content Makes those, and my beloved beet, To be more sweet. 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth With guiltless mirth; And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink, Spiced to the brink. Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand That sows my land: All this and better, dost thou send Me for this end: That I should render for my part A thankful heart, Which, fir'd with incense, I resign As wholly thine: But the acceptance—that must be,

Herrick.

O Lord, by thee.



Sermoniana.

THE BEST PREACHERS AND REST HEARERS.

"I," said Luther, "esteem those to be the best preach ers, who teach the common people and youth most plainly and simply, without subtlety, screwed words, or enlargements. Christ taught the people by plain and simple parables. In like manner those are the best hearers that willingly do hear God's word simply and plainly; and although they be weak in faith, yet they are to be helped forward, for God will bear with weakness, if it be acknowledged, and that we creep again to the cross, and pray to God for grace, and amend ourselves."

HINTS ON SERMONS.

"Our clergy," says Dr Butler, Bishop of Hereford, in one of his charges, "are too apt in their discourses to raise doubts against that religion they should merely teach; they raise doubts to persons who have never heard them before; and the doubts of those who have had the misfortune to hear them before, cannot be solved in a discourse of half-an-hour."



WRITTEN SERMONS.

Many complaints were made of those that were licensed to preach; and that they might be able to justify themselves, they began generally to write and read their sermons; and thus did this custom begin, in which what is wanting in the heat and force of delivery, is much made up by the strength and solidity of the matter; and this has produced many volumes of as excellent sermons as have been preached in any age.

Bishop Burnet's History.

EXTEMPORE AND WRITTEN SERMONS.

Bishop Sanderson's practice of reading his sermons. as it was not then very common, raised some prejudice against him. Walton observes that, notwithstanding he had an extraordinary memory, he had such an innate bashfulness and sense of fear, as to render it of little use in the delivery of his sermons. It was remarked, when his sermons were printed in 1632, that "the best sermons that were ever read, were never preached." When Dr Hammond was at Sanderson's house, he laboured to persuade him to trust to his excellent memory, and not to read his sermons. Dr Sanderson promised to try the experiment, and having on the following Sunday exchanged pulpits with a neighbouring clergyman, he gave Dr Hammond his sermon, which was a very short one, intending to preach it as it was written; but before he had gone through a third part, he became disordered, in-



coherent, and almost incapable of finishing. On their return, Dr Sanderson said, "Good doctor, give me my sermon, and know that neither you, nor any man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without book." Hammond replied, "Good doctor, be not angry, for if ever I persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all those that I am master of."

Chalmers [Biographical Dictionary].

[Bishop Sanderson wrote the "Preface to the Book of Common Prayer," beginning with the words, "It hath been the wisdom of the Church;" and is generally understood to have been the author of the sublime "General Thanksgiving" in the Liturgy.—Poynder.]

OY HEARING AN EXCELLENT SERMON.

Most monstrous truth—that this sermon, composed of perhaps two hundred just thoughts, will, by the evening hour, be forgotten by all the hearers, except—how many? Yet every just thought of religion requires its counterpart in feeling and action—or does it not?

Foster.

DIVISION IN SERMONS.

A sermon without heads, is like a house without stairs. There may be many fine rooms in it, but you want the means of getting at them.



FORGOTTEN SERMONS.

In reference to the apparent fruitlessness of ministerial exertions, an anecdote is recorded of a Scottish minister who was much discouraged on this account. One day he asked a poor woman of his congregation to give him an account of his last sermon, which she was unable to do; and when inquiring of her what was the text, she had even forgotten that; upon which he complained severely of the little impression which his labours appeared to have made. The woman, however, said to him, "Do you see how many times I dip this linen into the stream, and how often I wring it?"—"Yes."—"Ay," said she, "but you munna think it's nane the whiter for a' that, and ye may know I'm a' the better for your sermons, though I can tell ye naught about them."

PREACHING SERMONS OVER AGAIN.

Dean Colet (the founder of St Paul's School) gave as a reason for the repetition of his Theological Lectures, that it was better to set wholesome cold meat before his hearers, than that which was raw.

Preface to his Prayers.

SERMONS.

There is a wide difference between what St Paul calls "the foolishness of preaching," and foolish preaching.

Bp. Wilson's (of Calcutta)

Funeral Sermon for Cecil.



HEARING SERMONS.

Another says, I am a great hearer and lover of sermons, nay, I have so entirely devoted my whole time to the hearing of sermons, that I must confess I have hardly any left to practise them. And will not this avail me? Yes; no doubt it would, if a man were to be pulled up to heaven by his tears, or if the Gospel would but reverse its rule, and declare instead, that not the *doers* of the Word, but the *hearers* only, should be justified.

South.

OLD ADAM TOO HARD FOR YOUNG MELANCTHON.

When Melancthon was first converted, he thought it impossible for his hearers to withstand the evidence of the truth in the ministry of the Gospel. But after preaching awhile, he complained "that old Adam was too hard for young Melancthon."

PREACHING ON THE TIMES.

In 1648, it was a question asked of the brethren at the meetings of ministers, twice in the year, "If they preached the duties of the times?" And when it was found Leighton did not, he was reproved for his omission; but he replied, "If all the brethren have preached on the times, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?"



POPULAR PREACHING.

When the pious and eloquent Le Tourneux was preaching the Lent sermons at St Benoit in Paris, Louis XIV. inquired of Boileau how it was that everybody was running after him. "Sire," replied the poet, "your majesty knows that people will always run after novelties. This man preaches the Gospel."

A MISTARE.

To preach practical sermons, as they are called—i. c., sermons upon virtues and vices—without inculcating those great Scripture truths of redemption and grace which alone can invite and enable us to forsake ain and follow after righteousness, what is it but to put together the wheels, and set the hands of a watch, forgetting the spring which is to make them all go?

Bishop Horne.

SERMONS SHOULD NOT BE TOO LONG.

Mr Hall was very particular never to exceed the appointed time for preaching. He sometimes ended abruptly, and sat down just when his hearers wished him to proceed. On this being mentioned to him, he replied, "Sir, it is much better to leave the hearers with an appetite for more, than to satiate and tire them out."

Green's Reminiscences of Rev. R. Hall.



CONVERSING ABOUT SERMONS.

If you choose to converse with your fellow-Christians on what you have been hearing, a practice which, if rightly conducted, may be very edifying, let your conversation turn more upon the tendency, the spiritual beauty and glory, of those great things of God which have engaged your attention, than on the merit of the preacher. We may readily suppose that Cornelius and his friends. after hearing Peter, employed very few words in discussing the oratorical talents of that great apostle, any more than the three thousand who, at the day of Pentecost. were pricked to the heart: their minds were too much occupied by the momentous truths they had been listening to, to leave room for such reflections. Yet this is the only kind of religious conversation (if it deserve the appellation) in which too many professors engage. me," says the incomparable Fenelon, "the preacher who imbues my mind with such a love of the Word of God. as makes me desirous of hearing it from any mouth."

Robert Hall.

LONG SERMONS.

"I would not have preachers torment their hearers," said Luther, "and detain them with long and tedious preaching; for the delight of hearing vanisheth, and the preachers hurt themselves by it. Dr Pomner ought to be reproved by reason of his long sermons; howsoever, I know that he useth it not of purpose, but only from an erroneous custom."



THE DOXOLOGY, OR GLORIA PATRI.

This is the Christian's both hymn and shorter creed. For what is the sum of the Christian's faith but the mystery of the Holy Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which neither Jew nor Pagan, but only the Christian believes, and in this doxology professes against all heretics, both old and new. And as it is a short creed, so also it is a most excellent hymn; for the glory of God is the end of our creation, and should be the aim of all our services; whatsoever we do should be done to the glory of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: and this is all that we can, either by word or deed, give to God-namely, glory. Therefore this hymn fitly serves to close any of our religious services, our praises, pravers. thanksgivings, confessions of sins, or faith. Since all these we do to glorify God, it cannot be unfitting to close with "Glory be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." It cannot easily be expressed how useful this divine hymn is upon all occasions. If God Almighty sends us prosperity, what can we better return him than glory? If he sends adversity, it still befits us to say, "Glory be to the Father," &c. Whether we receive good or whether we receive evil at the hands of God, we cannot say a better "grace" than "Glory be to the Father." In a word, we cannot better begin the day when we awake. nor conclude the day when we go to sleep, than by "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."



PREACHING THE GOSPEL

An auditor of Mr C——r said to him, after preaching, "Sir, you have not been preaching the Gospel."—"Then, sir," said Mr C., "pray for me, that I may do so."

A MINISTER'S LEARNING.

"One knife," says Luther, "cutteth better than another; so, likewise, one that hath learned languages and good arts, can better and more distinctly read and teach than another. But, in that many of them (as Erasmus of Rotterdam and other learned men) are well skilled in languages and good arts, and yet do err very grievously, we must distinguish and separate the thing from the abuse of it, even as Job distinguished when he answered his wife, who troubled him:—'Thou speakest,' said he, 'as one of the foolish women speaketh.' This speech pleaseth me well," said Luther; "because he made a difference between the creature and the abuse."

HEARING WITH SELF-APPLICATION.

Hear with constant self-application. Hear not for others, but for yourselves. What should we think of a person who, after accepting an invitation to a feast, and taking his place at the table, instead of partaking of the repast, amused himself with speculating on the nature of the provisions, or the manner in which they were prepared, and their adaptation to the temperament of the



several guests, without tasting a single article? Such, however, is the conduct of those who hear the Word, without applying it to themselves, or considering the aspect it bears on their individual character. Go to the house of God with a serious expectation and desire of meeting with something suited to your particular state; something that shall lay the axe to the root of your corruptions; mortify your easily besetting sin, and confirm the graces in which you are most deficient. A little attention will be sufficient to give you that insight into your character which will teach what you need, what the particular temptations to which you are exposed, and on what account you feel most shame and humiliation before God. Every one may know, if he pleases, the plaque of his own heart. Keep your eyes upon it while you are hearing, and eagerly lay hold upon what is best adapted to heal and correct it. Remember that religion is a personal thing, an individual concern; for every one of us must give an account of himself to God, and every man bear his own burden. "Is not my word as a fire," saith the Lord, "and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

Robert Hall.



A Garner.

BOOKS.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning, by getting a great library.

Few books well selected are best.

The genius of an author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle.

Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Thomas Fuller.

PRAISE OF BOUNTY.

O sacred Bounty, mother of content,
Prop of renown, nourisher of arts:
The crown of hope, the root of good event,
The trump of fame, the joy of noble hearts,
Grace of the heavens, divinity in nature,
Whose excellence doth so adorn the creature.

Drayton.



FAIR WORDS.

Throughout the world, if it were sought, Fair words enough a man shall find; They be food cheap, they cost right nought, Their substance is but only wind:

But well to say, and so to mean, That sweet accord is seldom seen.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP USHER.

The motto to his Episcopal seal was, "Væ mihi si non evangelizarer"—(wretched man that I am, if I do not preach the Gospel). One of his directions to accomplish that salutary purpose is excellent: "Meddle with controversies and difficult points as little as may be in your popular preaching; lest you puzzle your hearers, or engage them in wrangling disputations, and so hinder their conversion, which is the main design of preaching."

ADHERENCE TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

We must affect our country as our parents, And if at any time we alienate Our love or industry from doing it honour, It must respect effects and touch the soul, Matter of conscience and religion, And not desire of rule or benefit.

Peele.



FAME.

Fame is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world; rare that the echo repeats only the last part, but fame relates all, and often more than all.

DELIGHTING IN GOD.

It much honoureth God, when the hopes of everlasting joys do cause believers to live much more joyfully than the most prospering worldlings: not with their kind of doting mirth, in vain sports and pleasures, and foolish talking, and uncomely jests; but in that constant cheerfulness and gladness which beseemeth the heirs of glory. Let it appear to the world that indeed you hope to live with Christ, and to be equal with the angels. Doth a dejected countenance, and a mournful, troubled, and complaining life, express such hopes? or rather tell men that your hopes are small, and that God is a hard master, and his service grievous? Do not thus dishonour him by your inordinate dejectedness? Do not thus affright and discourage sinners from the pleasantness of the service of God.

Baxter.

POISONING BY BOUQUETS STILL PRACTISED.

He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.

Bishop Latimer.



THE BOLDEST FORGERY.

* To counterfeit the hand of God, is the boldest of all forgery: And he, without warrant but his own fantastic surmise, takes upon him perpetually to unfold the secret and unsearchable mysteries of high Providence, is likely for the most part to mistake and slander them; and approaches to the madness of those reprobate thoughts that would wrest the sword of justice out of God's hand, and employ it more justly in their own conceit.

Milton.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are;
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare;
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

Drummond.



LADIES MADE UP!

I have observed that most ladies who have had what is considered as an education, have no idea of an education progressive through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, &c., they consider themselves as made up, and so take their station; they are pictures which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame—a gilded one, if possible—and hung up in permanence of beauty! permanence, that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soil the charming colours.

Foster.

EXCELSIOR.

Mortals, that would follow me, Love virtue: she alone is free: She can teach you how to climb Higher than the sphery clime; Or if virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.

WHAT IS CHANCE.

Chance is but the pseudonym of God for those particular cases which he does not choose to subscribe openly with his own sign-manual.

Quoted by De Quincey as the saying of an "eloquent Frenchman."



TRUTH.

A knave without luck is certainly the worst trade in the world; but truth makes the face of that person shine who speaks and owns it; while a lie is like a vizard, that may cover the face indeed, but can never become it; nor yet does it cover it so, but that it leaves it open enough for shame; it brands a man with a lasting indelible character of ignominy and reproach; and that indeed so foul and odious, that those usurping Hectors think the charge of a lie a blot upon them, not to be washed out but by the blood of him who gives it.

South.

REVERENCE IN CHURCH.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare; God is more there than thou; for thou art there Only by his permission. Then beware; And make thyself all reverence and fear. Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking. Quit thy state; All equal are within the church's gate.

Herbert.

A MONITOR.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison



IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express? Nought ties the soul, her subtlety is such, She moves the body which she doth possess, Yet no part toucheth but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent; Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit; Nor as the spider in his web is pent; Nor as the wax retains the print on it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain; Nor as one liquor in another shed; Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain; Nor as the voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light Doth here and there her silver beams impart, And in an instant doth herself unite To the transparent air, in all and every part.

So doth the pressing soul the body fill, Being all in all, and all in part diffused; Indivisible, incorruptible, still Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubl'd, nor confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring, Though we behold it in the air below, So from the eternal light the soul doth spring, Though in the body she her powers do show.



STANZAS (ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR "THE PULLEY").

When God at first made man,

Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made away;

Then beauty flow'd; then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,

"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary; that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

Herbert.

"THANKS WE GIVE, AND ADORATION."

Now God be praised, that to believing souls Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair. Shakspere.



EPITAPHS.

An epitaph must be made fit for the person for whom it is made; for a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call that his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece he can possibly make, and say 'twas my picture. It holds in a funeral sermon.

Selden.

ORIGIN OF THE STAMMERING OF MOSES.

The old Rabbins, those poets of religion, report of Moses, that when the courtiers of Pharaoh were sporting with the child Moses, in the chamber of Pharaoh's daughter, they presented to his choice an ingot of gold in one hand, and a coal of fire in the other; and that the child snatched at the coal, thrust it into his mouth, and so singed and parched his tongue, that he stammered ever after. And certainly it is infinitely more childish in us, for the glittering of the small glow-worms and the charcoal of worldly possessions, to swallow the flames of hell greedily in our choice; such a bit will produce a worse stammering than Moses had: for so the accursed and lost souls have their ugly and horrid dialect -they roar and blaspheme, blaspheme and roar for ever. And suppose God should now at this instant send the great archangel with his trumpet to summon all the world to judgment, would not all this seem a notoricus,



visible truth, a truth which you will then wonder that every man did not lay to his heart, and preserve there in actual pious and effective consideration? Let the trumpet of God perpetually sound in your ears, surgite mortui, et venite ad judicium: place yourselves, by meditation every day, upon your death-bed, and remember what thoughts shall then possess you; and let such thoughts dwell in your understanding for ever, be the parent of all your resolutions and actions. The doctors of the Jews report, that when Absalom hanged upon the oaks by the hair of the head, he seemed to see under him hell, gaping wide.

Jeremy Taylor.

OUR RAIMENT IS THE LORD'S.

Joshua the high-priest stood before the angel, clothed, not with righteousness, but with filthy rags. Sin upon him, and Satan by him, and this before the angel! What must he do? Go away? No, there he must stand! Can he speak for himself? Not a word; guilt had made him dumb! Had he nothing clean? No! But his lot was to stand before Jesus Christ, that maketh intercession for transgressors; and the Lord said, "the Lord rebuke thee, Satan!" But is Joshua now quit? No; he standeth yet, nor can he clear himself. How then? Why, the Lord clothes him with change of raiment. The iniquity was his own; the raiment was the Lord's.

Bunyan.



FINE SPECIMEN OF EULOGY.

How was he honoured in the midst of the people, on his coming out of the sanctuary! He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full; as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, and as the flower of roses in the spring of the year; as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the frankincense-tree in summer; as fire and incense in the censer and as a vessel of gold set with precious stones; as a fair olive-tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress which groweth up to the clouds. When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory. when he went up to the holy altar, he made the garments of holiness honourable. He himself stood by the hearth of the altar, compassed with his brethren round about, as a young cedar in Libanus; and as palm-trees compassed they him about.

On the High Priest Simon, the son of Onias.

— Wisdom of Solomon. Quoted by
Burke in his "Sublime and Beautiful."

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see You haste away so soon; As yet the early-rising sun Has not attain'd his noon;



Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song:
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing:
We die,
As your hour do; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,

Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
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Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep:
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

Herrick.

SUNSHINE THROUGH CLOUDS.

* * Hard it is

To imitate a false and forgéd bliss;

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,

Nor hath constrainéd laughter any grace.

Chapman.



A MERRY TALE OF TWO FRIARS.

Luther one day caught a sparrow, and holding it in his hand, said to it, very gravely, "Thou barefooted friar, with thy grey coat, thou art the most mischievous bird." Then addressing himself to the friends that were with him, "I could wish," said he, "that one could write a declamation on a subject that occurred at Erfurt when I was in the monastery there. It so happened," said Luther, "that a preaching friar and a barefoot * wandered at the same time into the country, to beg for the brethren, and to gather alms. These two coming together into the same place, played upon one another in their sermons with unprofitable words. The barefoot, preaching first, said, 'Loving country people, and my good friends, take heed of that bird the swallow; for it is white within, but upon the back it is black; it is an evil bird, always chirping, yet profitable for nothing; and when it is angered it is altogether mad; it pricketh the kine, and when it fouleth, it maketh the people blind, as in the book of Tobit ve read thereof.' This barefoot friar here intended to paint out the preaching friars, who wear white bandillions under a black coat. Now, as in the afternoon the preaching friar came into the pulpit, he played likewise upon the barefoot, and said, 'Indeed, loving friends. I neither can nor will defend the swallow;

^{*} A Dominican and a Franciscan. The out-door dress of the former was a black cloak and hood, over a white cassock; that of the latter was a grey cloak, and they did not wear shoes.



but the grey sparrow is a far worse and more mischievous bird than he, for he robbeth and devoureth all he can get—oats, barley, wheat, rye, apples, pears, cherries, &c.; moreover, he is a loose and licentious bird; the best thing he can do is to cry, Scrip, scrip, &c.' Herewith," said Luther, "one beggar endeavours to hinder another. A good rhetorician were here necessary, to amplify and enlarge this subject, and to explain it. But the barefoot friar ought to have painted out the preaching friar with better colours; for they are the haughtiest buzzards and most complete epicures, who go on in a particular style of pride. Again, the begging or barefoot friars, under the colour of sauctity and humility, are more proud and haughty than kings or princes, and have invented the most and greatest lies."

Luther's Table Talk.

CONSIDERING THE POOR.

It is a story told of Bishop Wilson, that on ordering a coat, he expressly charged the tailor not to make it in the fashion of the gallants of the day, and only to put in two (rows) of buttons; buttons all over being then the fashion. "My lord," said the tailor, "what then becomes of all the button-makers?" The bishop answers, "Sayest thou so, good master Robert? Then button me all over."

Note to Passages from the Life of the Rev. Robert Anderson.



LEONARDA DA VINCI.

This great painter appears to have worked with great difficulty. In painting the portrait of Ioconda, he expended four months; that his patience, however, might not be exhausted, he had always some musicians in the room where he was sitting.

His great work is his "Last Supper," formerly in the Dominican convent at Milan. It is reported of this picture, that the artist began with the apostles, one by one, and finished with the figure of their Divine Master; working up his imagination by degrees, till it came to its height in the principal figure. He wrote an excellent treatise on painting, which falling into the hands of Annibal Caracchi at a certain time of life, "I am sorry," said he, "that I did not meet with it sooner; it would have saved me twenty years of labour."

THE METHOD.

Poor heart, lament; For since thy God refuseth still, There is some rub, some discontent, Which cools his will.

Thy Father could Quickly effect what thou dost move; For he is power: and sure he would, For he is love.



Go search this thing:
Tumble thy breast and turn thy book;
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Woulst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? Yesterday,
I did behove me carelessly
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainéd be
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what's there?

Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter focs?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees; up with thy voice;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice!

Herbert.



THE GREAT BELL OF THE UNIVERSE.

Argument from miracles for the truth of the Christian doctrines. Surely it is fair to believe that those who received from Heaven superhuman power, received likewise superhuman wisdom. Having rung the great bell of the universe, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary.

Foster's Journal.

BLESSING OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE GREAT AND WEALTHY.

Honour those ever with a double honour, that are great and godly, rich and religious; not because they are rich, but because they are so strong and excellent in grace, as to overcome such great temptations; and to be heavenly in the midst of earthly plenty, and to be faithful stewards of so much. Religious faithful princes and magistrates cannot easily be valued and honoured too much. What wonders are they in the most part of the earth! What a blessing to the people that are ruled by them! Were they not strong in faith, they could not stand fast in such a stormy place. Where is there in the world a more lively resemblance of God, than a holy prince or governor, that liveth no more to the flesh than the poorest, for all his abundance of fleshly accommodations, and that devoteth and improveth all his power, and honours, and interest, to the promoting of holiness, love, and concord?

Baxter.



ROCHESTER'S CONFESSION.

The celebrated Lord Rochester had lived a long while in infidelity, but there was one argument in favour of Christianity, which he declared he could never set aside; namely, the existing state and circumstances of the Jews.

TO GOD.

With golden censers, and with incense, here
Before thy virgin altar I appear,
To pay thee that I owe, since what I see,
In or without, all, all belongs to thee.
Where shall I now begin to make, for one
Least loan of thine, half restitution?
Alas! I cannot pay a got; therefore
I'll kiss the tally, and confess the score.
Ten thousand talents lent me, thou dost write:
'Tis true, my God; but I can't pay one mite.

Herrick.

THE FALL OF AMBITION.

In some courts shall you see ambition
Sit piecing Dædalus' old waxen wings:
But being clapp'd on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They meet again the sun of majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.

Decker.



WISDOM.

If a man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth freely. Therefore, O everlasting Wisdom, the Maker, Redeemer, and Governor of all things, let some comfortable beams from thy great body of heavenly light descend upon us, to illuminate our dark minds, and quicken our dead hearts; to influence us with ardent love unto thee, and to direct our steps in obedience to thy laws through the gloomy shades of this world, into that region of eternal light and bliss where thou reignest in perfect glory and majesty, one God, ever blessed, world without end.

Dr Barrow.

Wisdom doth balance in her scales those true and false pleasures which do equally invite the senses; and rejecting all such as have no solid value or lasting refreshment, doth select and take to her bosom those delights that, proving immortal, do seem to smell and taste of that paradise from which they sprung. Like the wise husbandman, who, taking the rough grain which carries in its heart the bread to sustain life, doth trample under foot the gay and idle flowers which many times destroy it.

QUICK TRANSITIONS.

The Roman widow died when she beheld Her son, who erst she counted slain in field.

Gascoigne.



SPHERICAL AND LINEAR RELIGION.

(Said of a narrow-minded religionist.) Mr T. sees religion not as a *sphere*, but as a *line*, and it is the identical line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right hand or the left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or of devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other.

Foster's Journal.

DIAMONDS.

Mr Forsyth observes in his "Italy," that pulverised diamonds are esteemed by Mahometans the most active of all poisons. It is to be feared whether unpulverised diamonds, from an inordinate love of them, have not, in all time, acted as poisons to the human soul, and thus effected much more extensive mischief.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Though the people of God are best company in heaven, yet they are very good company here on earth; and Christians should stir up one another to love and to good works. Wherever you have grace, be sure to impart it to others. Endeavour to love the holiness of saints, and be willing to impart your experience to others, for this is your duty. Do not make a monopoly of holiness; but carry company with you to heaven.

Farewell Sermon of Dr Jenkins of Blackfriars, 1662.



DESCRIPTION OF MAMMON.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade, Cover'd with boughs and shades from heaven-light: Wherein he sitting found in secret shade, An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight, Of gusty hue, and foul ill-favour'd sight: His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd: His head and beard with soot were all bedight; His coal-black hands did seem to have been sear'd In smith-fire's spitting forge, and nails like claws appear'd, His iron coat, all overgrown with rust, Was underneath enveloped with gold, Whose glittering gloze darken'd with filthy dust, Well it appear'd to have been of old A work of rich entrail and curious mould, Woven with antics and wild imagery; And in his lap a mass of coin he told, And turn'd upside down, to feed his eye, A covetous desire with his huge treasury: And round about him lay on every side Great heaps of gold that never could be spent, Of Mulciber's devouring element: Some others were nere driven and distent Into great ingots, and to wedges square, Some in round plates without monument: But some were stamp'd, and in their end all bare The antic shapes of kings and keysars, strange and rare. Spenser.



GATHERING QUESTIONS.

One object of life should be to accumulate a great number of grand questions to be asked and resolved in eternity. We now ask the sage, the genius, the philosopher, the divine—none can tell; but we will open our series to other *respondents*; we will ask angels—God.

Foster's Journal.

CONSCIENCE.

The fear of conscience entereth iron walls.

No armour proof against the conscience terror.

A guilty conscience never is secure.

Drayton.

SIMONIDES' DIFFICULTY CONCERNING THE ESSENCE OF GOD.

The marquis discoursing once of the essence of God, excellently commended the wisdom of Simonides, who, being asked of Hiero what he thought of God, asked a "seven-nights'" time to consider of it, and at the seven-nights' end he asked a fortnight's time, at the fortnight's end he asked a month; at which Hiero marvelling, Simonides answered, "That the longer he thought on it, the more difficult he found it.

The Marquis of Worcester's Apophthegma.



DOUBT.

Doubt had a double face: The one forward looking, the other backward bent: Therein resembling Janus ancient, Which hath in charge the in-gate of the year, And evermore his eyes about him went. As of some proved peril he did fear, Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appear. Spenser.

PROSPERITY.

Nothing shall more effectually betray the heart into a love of sin and a loathing of holiness, than an ill-managed prosperity. It is like some meats, the more luscious, so much the more dangerous. Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified and impure heart, is like the sunbeams upon a dunghill; it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations. The same soldiers who in hard service, and in the battle, are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt affection which has lain, as it were, dead and frozen in the midst of distracting businesses, or under adversity, when the sun of prosperity has shined upon it, then, like a snake, it presently recovers its former strength and venom. Vice must be caressed and smiled upon, that it may thrive and sting. It is starved by poverty. It droops under the frowns of fortune, and pines away upon bread and water. But when the channels of plenty run high, and every appetite is plied with abundance and 160



variety, so that SATISFACTION is but a weary word to express its enjoyment, then the inbred corruption of the heart shows itself pampered and insolent, too unruly for discipline, and too big for correction.

South.

DECREES AND DUTIES.

Is't not God's deed, whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create,
To die again? All ends that was begun:
Their times in his eternal books of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still-changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence or why.

Spenser.

DOUBT AND DELAY.

On the one side doubt, on the other sat delay, Behind the gate, that none might her cspy, Whose manner won all passengers to stay, And entertain with her occasions sly, Through which some lost great hope unheedily, Which never they recover might again: And others quite excluded forth did lie, Long languishing there, in unpitied pain, And seeking often entrance afterward in vain.

Spenser.

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WB.



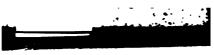






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